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FRENCH BOOKS
Special Supplement

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INFLATION & THE TUC

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Claude Cockburn

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Private and Public Vice

A SERIES of needless and bungled prosecutions in 1953 and 1954 were the occasion for setting up the Wolfenden Committee. There is no evidence, its report concludes, that these prosecutions were the result of any 'nation-wide witch-hunt' against homosexuality; and this view is certainly strengthened by disclosures about the disparity in police practice throughout the country. 'The extent to which the police followed up suspicions of homosexual behaviour varies considerably as between one police force and another according to the outlook of the senior officers.' Nor, the Committee decides, is there any evidence for the common belief that homosexuality (or prostitution) has greatly increased, that it has led to the 'widespread' incidence of blackmail, or that there is really a vast network of organised vice such as the Sunday press likes to assume. They conclude, as any group of objective and intelligent men and women must, that the present laws about homosexuality are absurd. They recommend 'that homosexual behaviour between consenting adults in private should no longer be a criminal offence'; though they endorse—very rightly—the sternest punishments for the corruption or assault of children.

In fixing the 'age of consent' at 21, the report faces, very sensibly, the obvious problem of the border-line anomaly, such as the case of two youths of 20 committing illegal acts together in which they could safely indulge a year later; it also proposes to abolish the illogical distinction between sodomy and 'gross indecency', by which, according to the degree of physical intimacy, one homosexual may go to prison for two years while the other could be given life.

The Committee offers unconvincing reasons for rejecting the proposal that the court should require a psychiatric report in all homosexual cases. These reasons amount, it is fair to say, to the proposition that except in cases of offenders under 21, the attempt at treatment is too much trouble. It looks here as if Sir John Wolfenden and his colleages have been overborne by the evidence of administrative diehards. But the welcome recommendation that there should be more research into the deeper causes of homosexuality is a natural result of listening for a couple of years to a stream of contradictory surmise.

Prostitution is another matter. There is a danger that discussion of the Committee's less satisfactory and very controversial proposals for dealing with it will occupy the public mind and divide reformers. The Committee is well aware that the basic problem of prostitution cannot be dealt with by legislation, but it was compelled to tackle the offensive scandal of the streets. It decides against following the Scottish practice of eliminating the 'requirement to establish annoyance', and proposes to increase the penalties to £5, £10 and three months for first, second and third convictions. Its admirable intention here is to encourage the young prostitute to co-operate with the probation officer—at the moment it is much easier for her to pay a 40s. fine. It adds that 'as long as society tolerates the prostitute, it must permit her to carry on her business somewhere', and argues that the landlord who knowingly lets a room at a reasonable rent to one prostitute should not be penalised. It totally condemns the brothel as likely to encourage rather than minimise prostitution and also to create a new field of profit for traffickers.

In these recommendations about prostitution there is apparent a kind of controlled desperation. Probably it would be wise to give them a trial run. It will be many years before anyone tries to do better; in any case it would be lamentable if, as a result of controversy over this section of the report, the main recommendation of a Committee which was appointed as a result of the scandal of our laws on homosexuality were to be neglected.

The task for parliament now is to encourage the government speedily to carry out this part of the report. The temptation for a conformist government must be to shelve legislation on this disagreeable subject, which will certainly raise an outcry in the more primitive sections of the public and press, and which will not in any case be a vote-catcher. We believe that the country as a whole is prepared for this change and that the opposition should offer full co-operation in ridding us of this offensive anomaly.

Comments on the Week's News

Payments Crisis Ahead?

It would be difficult to overestimate the seriousness of the fall in gold and dollar reserves announced last Tuesday; and it is equally difficult to justify the apparent complacency with which the August out-turn is brushed aside by the Treasury as an isolated and unavoidable phenomenon with little relevance to basic economic policy. It is true that the 'little devaluation' in France touched off a wave of currency speculation which placed a premium on the West German mark: it was probably inevitable that, in those circumstances, considerable pressure should develop on sterling; and, once that happened, it was essential that the British government should take the necessary steps to defend the pound against an unexpected blow. But to leave the matter at that is to take far too narrow a view of a situation which will have considerable repercussions. In the first place, our reserves are now at a level which, if not yet acutely dangerous, is at least very disquieting at a time of year when the balance of payments regularly turns against Britain. Secondly, it may be true that the sterling 'bears'—or most of them—have temporarily returned to their lairs; but nobody feels any particular confidence in the French franc, and the pound—precisely because of the emergency nature of the measures which had to be taken to defend it—looks much weaker now than it did a month ago. So the conventional Treasury assurance that devaluation can be ruled out may not be enough to check a continuing drift away from sterling. If this turns out to be so, we shall by the end of the year face a payments crisis of the first magnitude; and it is at this point that the government's whole economic policy is relevant to the August emergency. What defences has the Chancellor left himself within the framework of his political commitments? The Labour government, to be sure, lived with a recurring payments crisis; but, in the context of high investment and a rapidly expanding economy, this never really looked like overwhelming us. Moreover, Labour Chancellors were armed with the selective physical controls with which to apply quick and effective first aid. The policies of the last six years have undermined the solidity of our productive base by drastically slowing down investment, and have left the Chancellor with little in the way of first aid except higher and higher interest rates—against which the 'English disease' is rapidly becoming immunised.

Rockets and Lancaster House

Mr Eisenhower's statement at his press conference that the Russians were not yet in a position to mass-produce the ICBM is disingenuous. Nobody had suggested that they were. The significance of the Soviet announcement was that Russia has now gained what appears to be a crucial lead over America in this vital field of research. The US Atlas missile, unsuccessfully tested in April, was merely a single-stage rocket, without an aiming control device; it failed because of a defect in the fuel system, and had to be exploded in flight. The Russians, according to their statement, appear to have solved not merely the problem of fuelling but two further problems, which in the US have not yet reached the prototype-testing stage: the weapon they tested was powered by a multi-staged rocket and equipped with an aiming control mechanism. This suggests an effective lead in the race to the mass-production stage of from one to two years. (It is believed that the Russians are accustomed to be more ruthless in deciding when to mass-produce a prototype, so that this lead is likely to be increased by the inherent characteristics of Soviet military technology.) Against this background, the total failure of the disarmament talks, bringing to an end the hopeful phase which began in May, 1955, and Mr Macmillan's decision to break off his correspondence with Mr Bulganin, assume added importance. In recent weeks, the onus of failure at Lancaster House has shifted decisively from the West to Russia; and Mr Zorin has now made it brutally clear that, for the moment, Russia does not want an agreement. The West, however, is open to criticism for faulty tactics. Now that discussion on conventional levels has become academic, the crux of the negotiations is the project for policing nuclear testing and production. The West should have concentrated on this proposal instead of linking it to the other four parts of the 'first stage' plan. The Russians will incur far less odium by their rejection of this package deal *in toto*, than they would have done by a refusal to negotiate in detail a specific proposal to end H-bomb tests.

Proxmire's Landslide

When a US senator dies it is normal for the governor of his state to appoint a successor to complete the unexpired term. This means that a Republican can be put in to succeed a Democrat, or vice versa, and thus be given time to prepare for the next election. In this way, Mr Dulles secured his short term as a senator from New York. Wisconsin, however, has no such provision: last week's special election was held to fill the vacancy created by the death of Joe McCarthy. The result was a staggering victory for the Democratic candidate, William Proxmire. Mr Proxmire has twice lost elections to his Republican opponent, the former governor Walter Kohler, who is an Eisenhower Republican. This time he beat him by 123,000 votes, carrying many counties which did not swing to the Democrats even in 1932 and 1936. This is, in fact, the first time that Wisconsin has elected a Democratic senator since 1932—and, in Mr Proxmire, it has chosen a liberal political scientist from Harvard who turned newspaperman. Naturally, the Democrats see in this landslide an omen of greater victories in 1958 and 1960—especially since Mr Proxmire did well among the farmers. While it is pleasant to find that Wisconsin has repudiated McCarthy, it is clear that many diehard Republicans abstained rather than vote for a 'soft' Republican who had himself opposed McCarthy. The most important immediate result of this contest is that it brings the Democratic total in the Senate to 50, thereby ensuring Democratic control even if the ailing Senator Nieley from West Virginia should soon die.

Diamonds Galore

It would be easy to assume that the crowd which attacked the Yengema diamond plant of the Sierra Leone Selection Trust were citizens angered by an imperialist monopoly. Two years ago that might have been true. For almost 20 years, Selection Trust, though exploiting only a fraction of the area, had a theoretical monopoly of all diamond mining in the country, granted by the colonial government on the questionable ground that no company would come into this difficult territory on other terms. But when, seven or eight years ago, Sierra Leoneans found that anybody, with no more equipment than a pick and shovel or a sieve, could find diamonds all over the country, a rush began which very soon ended the monopoly. Both the company and the Sierra Leone government, by now represented largely by African ministers, were slow to face this fact, and to recognise the appalling social consequence of the breakdown of law and order, squandermania, and insanitary concentration of men in temporary camps. The economic consequences—the growth of a highly organised smuggling network to dispose of the illicit stones, the damage done by the miners' inefficient methods which 'picked the eyes' of the diamond areas while leaving most stones in the ground, the loss of revenue on the smuggled stones—were considered more important. Last year, after protracted negotiations, the company's monopoly, in return for compensation, was ended, and a system of licences for Sierra Leoneans to mine began to operate. This did not end smuggling, which continues merrily; but it is likely that miners who either could not get licences or who, as immigrants, were no longer tolerated by local people who hoped to get licences themselves, have collected to mine illicitly on the relatively small area now left to Selection Trust. It is they who have attacked the company's plant, and against whom the police and the army are now operating. Success in these operations is essential if Sierra Leone is to attract foreign capital for development of its other minerals, which need much more than picks and shovels and sieves.

The NUR Turned Down

The TUC, in a private session on Monday, rejected the NUR's resolution in favour of a special inquiry into questions of trade union structure and organisation. The last inquiry, held ten years ago, led to no substantial results in face of the conflict of views between the 'industrial' unions on the one hand and the combination of 'craft' and 'general' unions on the other; and there is no reason for supposing that a new inquiry would have any better fate. Apart from the NUR, the chief exponents at Congress of 'union by industry' are the mineworkers, who supported the NUR resolution, together with that relative newcomer, the National Union of Public Employees—which challenges the National Union of General and Municipal Workers. A good many big unions of today can hardly be classified any longer as either 'craft' or 'industrial' unions, having opened their ranks to less skilled workers in keen competition with the general unions. Among these 'hybrids' are the AEU, the ETU, the Building Trade Workers, and a number of others. These, however, work in comparative harmony with the great general unions with which they share the organisation of the less skilled workers in engineering, building, and a number of other industries. They have no wish to embark on a grand conflict which would rend the trade union movement from top to bottom. The predominant attitude among trade union leaders is that the only safe way of proceeding is piecemeal—by encouraging amalgamations as opportunity occurs, without laying down any clear rules about the basis on which they are to be carried through.

Charing Cross Hospital

The revised plans for the new Charing Cross Hospital have dismayed those who remained hopeful of hospital development equal to the needs of Greater London. The original intention was to rebuild on a 47-acre site near Harrow and a start was to have been made this year or next. Now it has been announced that, under pressure from the University of London and the University Grants Committee, the Ministry proposes to have the new hospital built on a 9-acre site at present occupied by the Fulham Hospital. Comparison of the site areas shows the extent to which the original plans will be modified, and it is clear that the result will be to ruin the London area's first post-war scheme, already disgracefully late. Current economies in public expenditure provide one reason for this move, but the administrative system which sets the teaching hospitals apart from the main pattern of hospital planning and gives the medical schools a large say in their development is also to blame. There should be immediate pressure to get the original Charing Cross plans restored, and there are signs of resistance from a local campaign committee in Fulham. But beyond this, there is the need to bring the teaching hospitals into the full framework of hospital planning for which regional hospitals boards are responsible. The stupidity of the present position is emphasised by the fact that at its July meeting the South-West Metropolitan Regional Hospital Board discussed plans for its own new hospital at Fulham without knowing about the Ministry's new Charing Cross scheme.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Moscow

M. and K.

Our Moscow Correspondent writes: The question that arose in many minds after the publication of Krushchev's speeches to the writers was whether the workers at the Irtysh power station, of which Malenkov has been put in charge, would accept a man described as Beria's shadow and tool, a man who had 'not only failed to restrain Stalin but made dexterous use of his weaknesses and habits in the last years of his life'.

The relations between Beria and Malenkov have always been something of a mystery. Did Malenkov owe his position in the post-Stalin triumvirate to the respect he was held in for having saved the party from complete disruption during the later years of Stalin's rule? Or was he, in fact, in cahoots with Beria until he discovered the latter's plan to double-cross him in the summer of 1953 – then turning to Krushchev and Mikoyan? If the second version is correct it would explain the curious manner in which Malenkov, knowing himself to be compromised, allowed himself to be made the scapegoat for the consumer goods policy fiasco and the failure of the agricultural policy disclosed at the 1953 plenum. His eventual relinquishment of the premiership might in fact have been the terms on which the rest accepted his company in the collective leadership after the arrest and execution of his partner Beria.

As for the passages in the Krushchev speeches devoted to literature, they were couched in general terms and were much closer to pure Zhdanovism than the outpourings of Shepilov before the painters and musicians earlier this year. Krushchev called for the writers' complete commitment to immediate political tasks, something which he seems to think can be done without a repetition of the gross perversions of the period of the Stalin cult. Shepilov, who, it should be borne in mind, had enjoyed Bulganin's favour ever since he joined his staff in the war soon after being released from one of Stalin's prisons, took much more trouble to assure the intellectuals that the party intended to exercise no 'petty tutelage' over them. In the circumstances this could hardly help but encourage those who wished to interpret commitment in a broad manner. Krushchev was uncompromisingly severe with them: the main target of his attack, the poetess Margaret Aliger, swooned and had to be removed in an ambulance during the garden party where the attack was launched.

There was a curious ambivalence in Krushchev's attitude to the established writers. On the one hand he sought to restore the self-confidence of those Stalin prize-winners who have been under fire for 'prettifying' Soviet reality. By discrediting the whole group of thoughtful and talented writers associated with the *Literaturnaya Moskva*, he virtually gave rein to the old gang again. On the other hand he voiced the feelings of the average reader when he spoke of his 'bitter chagrin' over the fact that Soviet writers so rarely succeeded in portraying the contemporary Soviet people as one 'born and raised in the epoch of Socialism'. This was popular stuff, as popular as his exposition of the 'Marxist truth' that people must first eat, drink, have a home and dress before they are in a position to engage in politics, science and art.

Georgetown

Jagan's Second Chance

A Correspondent writes: The man who has had a significant influence on the politics of British Guiana lives 3,000 miles away. In his election message Cheddi Jagan wrote: 'Some may argue that Dr Nkrumah achieved independence by tactical means. This is not the whole truth. Let us not forget the phase of active struggle'. He then goes on to quote Mr Cecil Forde, general secretary of the Ghana CPP, on the sufferings undergone by members of his party in the struggle for independence. Linden Burnham similarly quoted Nkrumah as saying 'Seek ye first the political kingdom and all things shall be added unto you'. Thus both political parties here have been looking to the example of Ghana in seeking the way to self-government and independence. It is this which accounts for the fact that although all parties condemned the Renison Constitution and both Jagan and Burnham had declared that they would not work under it, when the election came both changed their minds and said that if their parties gained a majority they would use the powers offered under it to work for its reform.

This change in tactics is the vital influence in the post-election situation. Learning from Nkrumah's experience – both Jagan and Burnham were in Ghana for the independence celebrations – both parties had created an atmosphere in which the victors were expected to take office. Jagan won, and two issues now face him in his task. The first is to discover whether he and Governor Renison can reach an agreed compromise which will give Jagan responsibility with authority and still satisfy the British government that sufficient checks remain with the governor to prevent a repetition of 1953. So far the prospects look favourable. Ever since the election result was known, there has been a general feeling – fully shared by the Governor – that Jagan had won the right and responsibility of forming a government. Now the Governor has filled nine of the vacancies for nominated members in the Legislative Council with nominees who are both non-Communist and not unfriendly to Jagan; while, inside the Executive Council, the Jaganites are in a majority of five to four, with Cheddi Jagan holding the portfolio of Trade and Industry and his wife that of Health and Housing. None of this looks like an attempt by the Governor to frustrate the will of the electorate.

The second problem is to settle relations between Jagan and Burnham. Unfortunately, the elections have revealed a deep racial division. Indians, the majority community, support Jagan. Negroes back Burnham. Both leaders deplore this fact, and both parties have elected members from the other race. But racial feelings have been provoked during the election – and everyone is conscious that the Indians are multiplying faster than anyone else. A few years hence they can expect to be in a majority over all other groups in the country.

Jagan would like Burnham to join him in a coalition. Burnham sees his role otherwise. He does not want to risk his future again with Jagan. He has set his hand to organising a strong opposition party which will present itself as an alternative government. Whilst he will back Jagan in his demands for constitutional reform, he places the responsibility of government squarely on his rival's shoulders. At the moment, therefore, there are prospects of genuine democratic argument and the development of a two-party system.

Jerusalem

Israel and Afro-Asia

Our Jerusalem Correspondent writes: When Ben-Gurion recently described Israel as a Mediterranean country, he was not referring only to geography or ethnography. His definition startled a Jerusalem audience even though many have long been used to his sweeping historical generalisations. This newly developed Mediterranean orientation is prompted more by the Arab states' refusal to make peace and the line up of most Afro-Asian and Soviet bloc countries behind them, than by any prophetic injunction. Its origin may be traced back as far as the Bandung Conference of April, 1955, when, despite efforts of Nehru and U Nu, the Arab bloc succeeded in excluding Israel. Since then, Israel has appeared in Afro-Asian eyes – with a few notable exceptions – as a bridgehead of western imperialism in the Middle East, or western Asia as they prefer to call it.

Against this background, the 'Mediterranean' outlook was born. It has since gained momentum for other reasons: East-West competition for Arab favour and the subsequent Arab arms build-up forced Israel into an almost total isolation broken only at the last minute by French support and supply of arms. Though no formal alliance has been signed, relations with France

have continued to prosper. These include a $30 million credit, French capital interesting itself in Israel development projects, a two-way flow of delegations and a stressing of cultural links. Above all, contact with France has opened horizons of the European Common Market for an Israel blockaded from Middle East trade. A further factor has been the growing relations with West Germany since the signing of the Reparations Agreement. Resisting pressure and the threat of Arab boycott – which incidentally has had no harmful effects on their trade with the Arab countries – the West Germans have scrupulously fulfilled the agreement and the establishment of normal diplomatic relations between the two countries is now but a matter of time. The new approach to western Europe, which undoubtedly has the blessing of the Ministry of Defence and the army, implies, of course, acceptance of the fact that Arab-Israel peace is not likely in the foreseeable future.

However, Ben-Gurion's theory has been under fire: not all Israelis are enthusiastic about such a trend which they believe makes a doubtful virtue out of an imposed transient necessity. They also point to the actual breaches made in the Bandung wall of indifference and hostility. The most conspicuous of these is in relations with Burma where under an unusual economic agreement, signed in 1955, Israel technical know-how is today being used in joint irrigation, agricultural and industrial projects in Burma itself. Not only are Burmese interested in receiving technical assistance from a country which can obviously have no political designs, but they have shown tremendous interest in the Israel Labour movement's successful experiments in collective and co-operative farming and industry. The Israelis can also point to the new relations which have opened up with Ghana and which seem to be following the pattern set in Burma. The two Ghana delegations, one consisting of three cabinet ministers and the other of labour youth leaders, seem to have been drawn as Socialists by the very things which first attracted the Burmese – labour agriculture and industry, the successful battle against desert and swamp.

Dublin

A Spur for the British Ass

Ritchie Calder writes from Dublin: The misgivings which the Old Guard of Science felt when the British Association enterprisingly elected Professor P. M. S. Blackett to its presidency were confirmed by his inaugural address at Dublin this week. They might have been forewarned by the title of his address – *Technology and World Advancement.* The Nobel Prizewinner in physics should have talked about cosmic rays, or the latest meson, or rock magnetism and then tactfully tacked into world affairs. Not this president! He announced at the outset that he was going to be controversial and said: 'I do not mean controversial over scientific fact and theory, but controversial in the plain political sense. For in science and technology lies the key to wealth; and the creation and distribution of wealth are the warp and woof of the many-patterned texture of politics. Let us be quite frank about it; many scientists and engineers have in the past deliberately avoided thinking about the social consequences of their collective achievements; just because to do so would sweep them into the troubled waters of political controversy'. And into those troubled waters he forthwith plunged.

He pointed out that, through the material wealth produced by technological advantages, the highly industrialised countries, in the past 50 years, had increased their income by nearly 2 per cent per head every year, thus doubling in rather less than 40 years, despite the accompanying large increase in population. In contrast, the still pre-industrial countries, particularly those of Asia, Africa and South America, have an average income per head of about £20 a year. The gap was now ten to one in favour of Europe and was due to the sudden advance of the West in the last 200 years. He showed how this was just an incident in time by reviewing the science and technology of such countries which had left permanent proofs of innate abilities and had become a material part of the heritage of the West. 'An essential prerequisite for the scientific revolution was the weakening of the opposition of organised religion to the free play of scientific experimentation and speculation,' he pointed out and quoted R. H. Tawney (for the first time, one imagines, on a scientific platform). He recalled the conquest and commination by the European powers of the colonial world. He adapted an old aphorism and said 'History is something that Europeans should remember and Asians should forget,' and added that the fact that most Asians pretended to have done so was due to Britain's freeing of India, Ceylon and Burma.

His audience by this time was waiting for the great gesture – what the western scientists and technologists might offer out of their pre-eminence to the hard-done-by peoples he had been talking about. Instead, they got what some of them must have regarded as a calculated snub: the West had been led to over-estimate the need of the have-not countries for technical advice from western experts and to underestimate the need for simple financial help. The sending of experts to poor countries without the capital to carry out their plans could be as irritating as sending a trained cook to a family unable to pay the baker . . . . Unless followed up by massive financial help, some of the West's present aid programme may merit the war-time wisecrack of 'offering all aid short of help'. . . 'If the major nations of the West cannot agree quickly to provide the required £1,000 million' (which he had analysed) 'then I would hope that Britain would "go it alone" and make her contribution of £150 million a year to her former colonies, in addition to what she is already doing. . . . The uneven division of power and wealth, the wide differences of health and comfort among the nations of mankind are the sources of discord in the modern world, its major challenge and, unrelieved, its moral doom.'

Not a word about cosmic rays nor rock magnetism. But, consistent with the organisational reforms which have been initiated during his forceful year of office, Patrick Blackett had given the British Association a 'shot in the arm'.

Inflation and the TUC

On Tuesday morning *The Times* opened fire on the trade union leaders in general and Mr Cousins in particular. The refusal of the TUC to accept a wages policy, it said, 'illustrates the purely destructive attitude into which the movement has been led during the past year by Mr Frank Cousins and those who think like him'. Even if they are right in arguing that the government's policy has reimposed the law of the jungle, the editorial remarked, 'is there nothing better they can do for their members than to join in with tooth and claw?' Similar comments have been made by other newspapers, and this line of argument has run through ministerial speeches all summer. The government has decided that the best cover for its own mistakes and deficiencies is to saddle the trade unions with the responsibility for inflation.

This is an ingenious idea. The public, which is justifiably worried by inflation, does not follow complex economic arguments. It reads about wage-claims, it knows about rising prices, and it may be persuaded that the troubles of our economy are the fault of ambitious and irresponsible trade union leaders who care for nothing but the sectional interests of their members. Already, in fact, this propaganda is having an effect: a Gallup Poll published in the *News Chronicle* this week shows a marked decline in public sympathy for trade unions. The lesson will not be lost on Conservative strategists who are desperately searching for a means of stopping the slump in Tory voting strength.

Consider, first, the question of wage increases. Tory propagandists are now implying that there is something wickedly unusual in the latest wage claims, though the *Daily Telegraph* blew the gaff on this argument when it wrote this week: 'Ironically, this last year – the first of the Cousins era of free-for-all – the increase has been less than in either of the two previous years'. In fact, the average rate at which wages have risen since the war has been remarkably consistent. It runs at about 5 per cent. a year. It is even more remarkable that something about the same figure, or even a little higher, has obtained in most western countries. As Mr H. A. Turner points out in an important Fabian pamphlet*, 'a survey of international experience suggests that a period of *relatively* high employment and strong union organisation has tended to establish a minimal rate of wage increases'. Some industrial countries, as we in Britain know, have had sharp fluctuations in living costs; some of them, such as Italy and West Germany, have had a substantial number of unemployed; some, like Holland and the Scandinavian states, have had forms of 'wages-policy'; and some have played about with deflation. But, whatever the different techniques employed, wage rates have risen at roughly the same rate.

The conclusion to be drawn from this is one that Keynes foresaw. Once mass unemployment is eliminated there will inevitably be an upward drift of wages. This drift, moreover, may be an important spur to managerial efficiency and productive investment, since well-run firms will be induced to try new methods and machines to economise on labour, and marginal firms will find the pace too hot for them. It will not, of course, have the same effect if industry is monopolistic or dominated by price-rings: higher costs are then passed on to the consumer, and prices are set to make production profitable for the weakest firms in the ring.

Let us then suppose that the upward drift of wages is accepted as a fact. It need not be inflationary (and harmful) except on two conditions: if productivity and total output do not keep pace, and if nothing is done to protect people with fixed incomes against rising prices. Here is the crux of the matter. Wage increases have become an important issue in this country because the government has failed on both these counts. Its policies have led to industrial stagnation, to misapplied investment, and to unfairness for pensioners, office-workers, teachers, civil servants and other groups with little bargaining power. Under the Labour government, Britain led the rest of Europe in investment and output, while our cost-of-living was lower and more stable than that of our neighbours. Mr Butler, Mr Macmillan and Mr Thorneycroft have succeeded in reversing that position. Unwilling to face the political consequences of real deflation – a reversion to mass unemployment and a slump is the only way to stop wages rising – they have fallen back on dear money, with all that this has meant in haphazard investment policies and the stagnation of production.

It is significant, as Sir Thomas Williamson pointed out in his presidential address to the TUC, that 'investment' was not even included in the title of the new 'independent' council on incomes, prices and productivity. Yet, as Mr Harold Wilson remarks in his new pamphlet†, the test of economic statesmanship in this country 'lies in the ability of whatever government is in power to transform Britain from a low-investment economy to a high-investment economy'. This is true. And the trade union leaders are just as much aware as Mr Wilson that unless productivity and output go up, increases in money wages are little more than a rat-race. But they are equally aware that large-scale investment and social justice cannot be secured in a free-for-all; they require an overall plan, not a wild scramble; they believe that our economy needs positive controls and incentives; and they are convinced that this implies a much wider measure of public ownership and control in industry. The problems facing this country cannot be solved simply by driving down real wages – and that is what is involved in this hue-and-cry against the unions.

Even if a Labour government were elected, however, it would have to consider what its attitude would be towards wage-claims. Its investment policies – and progressive social legislation – might win the goodwill of the trade union movement. But if Mr Turner's analysis is correct, Labour ministers must expect wages to go on rising in an expanding economy: the European experience shows that even if a temporary wage-freeze is accepted, even if there should be a 'wages-policy', wages would somehow go on creeping up.

But how can this drift of wages be harnessed to the best advantage of the economy as a whole? The sensible policy would be for the Chancellor to budget for something like the annual rate of increase that has been the average of post-war years. The unions might then be willing to accept long-term contracts, embodying in broad outline an annual increase of this order. A Labour government should therefore encourage the nationalised industries to give a lead by offering such contracts, and by adjusting their pricing policies accordingly. Such intelligent anticipation would not only create a feeling of confidence – something that is now notably lacking – but it would set both employers and unions free to work out ways of increasing output and productivity by joint action, instead of wearing themselves down in an annual hurly-burly about wages.

Everybody would benefit if both sides of industry, and the government, could budget over longer periods and argue about efficiency rather than money wages. Finally, the social policies of a Labour government would be used to offset whatever price increases bore heavily on those with fixed-incomes, large families, or other forms of social dependency. Some such policy as this is unavoidable if, in a trading economy such as Britain's, we are to secure planned economic expansion, with social justice and free trade unionism, but without a destructive inflation.

* *Wage Policy Abroad: And Conclusions for Britain.* By H. A. Turner. *Fabian Society.* 3*s.*

† *Post-War Economic Policies in Britain.* By Harold Wilson. *Fabian Society.* 1*s.* 6*d.*

NEXT WEEK

Charlie and the Little Guy

A conversation piece with Chaplin

drawing by Vicky

'In the Noblest Sense . . .'

(By a Correspondent)

With Syria firmly in the hands of the anti-western nationalists, King Saud is regarded by the US as the chief barrier to Communism in the Middle East. Superficially, he has a lot to recommend him. He refuses to have diplomatic relations of any kind with Communist states and recently went to the length of recognising Formosa (a Chinese Nationalist general will shortly arrive in Jeddah to open an embassy). The king maintains a rigid personal autocracy, and his personal status is quasi-divine. As the official Saudi government handbook says, 'he has inherited all his father's qualities of dignity, reverence, humility, courage, gaiety, determination, sharpness of mind, generosity and gallantry . . . he feels towards people as if they were his sons and brothers and devotes himself to their service. . . . He is a king in the noblest sense of the word'.

Yes – but can he survive? There is no doubt that the classic elements of a revolutionary situation exist in Saudi Arabia. There is a minute and fabulously wealthy aristocracy whose members spend enough in one night in a Beirut cabaret to keep an average Saudi family alive for several years. The great mass of the people are still desperately poor. There is a small but growing middle class, with some education and no power. Over all this reigns the king. He is a man of some personal charm, who suffers from chronic bad health and acute short sight. He is slightly better educated than his father, because he can read and write a little; in all other respects he is a lesser character. His military campaigns have

been mainly unsuccessful, and in diplomatic dealings he has to rely entirely on foreign advisers. He is extremely vain and dislikes criticism so much that all outside news has to be carefully 'edited' before it reaches him. When in the US he was accompanied everywhere by Jamal al-Husaini, an ex-Palestinian nationalist, who acted as his adviser and 'interpreter'. Al-Husaini is now violently attacked by the Syrian press as the man responsible for Saud's withdrawal from the Syrian-Egyptian bloc.

Another adviser, who is currently under heavy fire from the nationalists, is Sheikh Yusuf Yasin, a Syrian who is said to be intriguing to overthrow the Kuwatly regime. The third important man at court is the king's brother, the Emir Feisal, who is nominally Premier and Crown Prince. He is a man of far greater intelligence and ability than Saud, and one of the reasons why he did not succeed his father is that the old man was jealous of him. Feisal is strongly pro-Egyptian and it is now said that he has quarrelled with the king; though whether his recent journey to the United States was in fact for medical treatment or merely a polite form of banishment is still uncertain.

How strong is the resistance to the regime? Since the break with the 'positive neutralists', the left-wing Damascus and Beirut press has lifted the veil on Saudi Arabia. There have been accounts of the flogging and torture of strike-leaders and newspaper editors. If these stories are true, the Altrinchams of the East are filled with water and their genitals tied up with wire; they are then suspended by their feet from the ceiling until their bladders burst. There are also stories of sheikhs exacting the *droit de seigneur*, of slavery both white and ordinary, and of amputated hands and feet. After making allowances for exaggeration, there is a substance of truth in most of them.

The king has done something for his people – but only enough to show how much more could be done with his annual revenue of $300 million. The building of a new hospital at Riyadh, for instance, has recently been halted; but a vast and hideous royal palace down the road has been triumphantly completed. Saud's position is unenviable. The inevitably increasing discontent at home could only be countered by striking diplomatic achievements abroad. But Saud is the king who lost Buraimi and Aqaba and who went to Ethiopia while there was still fighting going on in Oman.

Resounding speeches and eight memoranda to the UN have affirmed that Aqaba is a purely Arab waterway; but ships bound for Elath sail peacefully through. When the king returned from Washington, he appeared to have scored a major triumph: he was said to have got the US to agree to build up a Saudi army of 100,000. But it is now clear that the Saudi army will number a mere 15,000 and that the Americans have no intention of making him strong enough to indulge in foreign adventures. Egypt and Syria get arms galore from Russia, while all Saud has is an American base bigger than anything Britain ever possessed in Jordan or Iraq.

Paradoxically, Saud's wealth is his weakness. The rigid and reactionary Wahabbite puritanism which enabled the Saudi family to defeat the Hashemites could only be maintained if it applied to everyone. In the province of Najd to-day, bicycles, tobacco and listening to music on the radio are forbidden, and the people are herded to prayers like cattle. Meanwhile the king moves to his camp in the desert at the head of a caravan of Cadillacs, with a lorry bearing his $250,000 air-conditioned tent.

London Diary

THE public ownership argument inside the TUC hasn't revealed itself this week at Blackpool in quite the form that a majority of newspaper readers must have been led to expect. It is, for instance, certainly inaccurate to talk of a 'split' between the Labour Party and the TUC – which is still without a clear policy on nationalisation. Because of the personality of Frank Cousins, who is a class-warrior of the old school and not a managerial bureaucrat like the late Arthur Deakin or Tom Williamson, the 'feel' of the TUC has shifted left of centre. But the alliances round Cousins are still in process of formation, and this shift is not yet expressed in any coherent change of policy. In any case, the important moves this week on public ownership took place in the hotel lobbies and not the conference hall. Jim Campbell, the NUR leader, made it perfectly clear that he won't accept the Labour Party's 'watered down version of nationalisation' and he is convinced that he can win a majority at the Labour conference if it comes to a showdown. But Frank Cousins doesn't want to see an open conflict on an issue which is charged with so much political emotion, so he is prepared to strike a bargain. In return for his union's support for *Industry and Society*, he wants a firm assurance that the new policy would not preclude outright nationalisation, and he also wants a timetable. It was in this situation that Mr Gaitskell arrived to dinner. No wonder the cynics were sceptical of his intentions, especially as all the time, lurking in the background, was Mr Morgan Phillips with the abstracted look in his eye of a man counting votes. Privately Morgan Phillips professes confidence that the Labour policy will be endorsed at Brighton, and he is obviously counting on Frank Cousins' support. But unless Mr Campbell can be persuaded to soft-pedal his attack, then the new policy – even if it is carried at Brighton – will get off to a very unpromising start.

* * *

I've heard it said seriously that if Adenauer wins the coming election, democracy in Germany will be virtually finished. Certainly, many West Germans – particularly the middle class – regard criticism of him as something near to high treason. Last week the West Berlin Post Office attempted to dismiss a postman who had been heard to say that Adenauer and the Demochristians were *lumpen* (riff-raff), on the grounds that he thereby 'insulted his employer'. Adenauer does nothing to discourage such authoritarianism. Indeed, admission to his election meetings is by invitation-card only, carefully scrutinised at the door, and any interrupters or hecklers are promptly thrown out – sometimes apparently beaten up too – by a posse of young toughs whom the Chancellor keeps in constant attendance. As usual, he is getting the enthusiastic backing of the Roman Catholic Church. The Bishop of Treves has now followed the example of the Bishop of Münster by publishing a pamphlet which declares flatly that Catholics may not vote for Social Democrat candidates, 'as their spiritual fathers are Marx and Engels'. That the Social Democrat programme is the mildest form of Butskellism is apparently not enough for the German hierarchy. In Vatican circles the German bishops are regarded, next to the Spaniards, as the most reactionary group in the Church; they played a major role in getting the worker priest movement banned in France. Recently, however, their constant interference in politics has proved a source of embarrassment to the Vatican, which is now heavily committed to a 'peaceful co-existence' policy in eastern Europe, and I'm told that the Holy Office is to make discreet efforts to discourage this Catholic 'Stalinism'.

* * *

Uncensored news from Portugal seldom finds its way into the British press. However, I'm now told that Dr Palma Carlos, who did his best to defend political prisoners in Lisbon recently, was himself sentenced to seven months' imprisonment and a heavy fine for the crime of protesting against the conduct of the court. He had asked the judges to listen to important evidence. When the president said he was 'not interested in hearing it,' Carlos said 'The court is deciding as it pleases, with or without proofs'. My information is that he was promptly put into the dock himself and convicted of 'contempt'.

* * *

A propos my comments on the Catholic Radio Guild, the *Tablet* says that I expressed surprise at an avowal in *Annunciation* that Catholic religious broadcasts are 'not intended exclusively for Catholic listeners'. But that was not at all my point. It was that *Annunciation* quite frankly explains that the object of Catholic broadcasting is to bring as many non-Catholics into the fold as possible, and that Catholic priests can count on full help from the staff in attaining this object. Their purpose and hope is to 'bring our country back to the old faith'. The *Tablet* claims Catholics have not a lion's share of religious television but 'something much more like a mouse's share'. *Annunciation* takes a very different view. It boasts, for instance, of the consistent Catholic broadcasting 'through the regions' and remarks that 'during the fortnight from Palm Sunday to Low Sunday, we broadcast 26 programmes of Catholic origin or particular interest'. As a particular proof of the efficacy of Catholic pressure, the issue for July last describes the success of the protests against what was held to be the 'very great offence to Catholics' in a reference in the Northern Ireland edition of the *Radio Times* to 'the supposed corporeal presence of Our Lord'. After an 'uproar', the BBC apparently withdrew the broadcast and 'issued a statement to the press, acknowledging the injury done'. I wonder what the Catholic, or for that matter the daily press as a whole, would have said if anyone announced the existence of a Socialist, Communist or Protestant religious group which could boast of the amount of time it managed to hog for its own particular sectarian purposes; claimed that its object was to convert listeners by its propaganda, and that there was a staff group in the BBC always ready and willing to co-operate fully in these objects!

* * *

Staying at the YMCA in Toyko, Reginald Reynolds writes to say that evangelical hot-gospelling doesn't, in his view, cut as much ice with the Japanese as Communist propaganda. The Communists don't talk about world revolution but capitalise the Japanese resentment against British and American nuclear tests. He hears nothing about the fact that much of the radio-activity in Japan is caused by the Russians. The Communists can afford to be pious about Hiroshima and Nagaski. American bases in Japan are a constant affront to national sentiment. In the one country which has experienced nuclear warfare the prospect of being one of the first targets for a Russian attack in the event of war is the cause of widespread alarm. Britain's position is theoretically similar. The difference is that

we have no memory of Manchester and Southampton being wiped out in a few seconds. This is ideal for the Communists and fellow-travellers who run the World Conference Against A and H Bombs And For Disarmament.

* * *

'It has long been out of date,' says Reynolds, 'for Communists to denounce all opponents as Fascists or "Trotsky-Fascists". A more-in-grief-than-anger line can, I observe, be very effective. When I once used the word "bourgeois" in its correct sense a lugubrious Methodist Minister who hunted with the Pack, begged me to speak more quietly. The use of such phrases might make people suspect that there were Communists at the Conference! Even the Russian delegation was carefully provided with an Orthodox priest. Delegates came as representatives of all those familiar or mysterious collections of initials which purport to conceal the same face with the childish deception of a false moustache. Mimeographed documents, printed in English, deal especially with the effect of tests. They include a really useful comment by Professor Hironobo Watanabe of Niigata University, Dr. Willard Libby, of the US Atomic Energy Commission, estimated that the luminous dial of a wrist watch would attack the reproductive organs with 40 times the current annual dose from fall-out. This, said the Professor, was "mathematically correct, but is there anyone who keeps his wrist watch upside-down directly on his reproductive organs?"' Reynolds adds that the total effect of the Conference was not to be measured by the vapid statements issued as its 'findings', but by its success in suggesting Soviet beneficence.

* * *

For the large price of 6s., I bought from a bookstall a copy of *Confidential*. An embarrassing sort of paper to carry about. The text matches the violent colours of the pictures. Most of the stories are variants of the same theme. Star A, married to Star B, 'cuddles', 'romps with', 'does not play parlour games with'—any euphemism will do—with Starlet C, without B knowing. A member of a European royal family is held up to particular ridicule, not because he seduced a good, sincere, beautiful example of American womanhood, but because he paid her meanly afterwards. And so on and so forth. There have been rumours that the people who run this kind of dirt would try it on here, safeguarding themselves against the law by setting up a new company and going into liquidation after each libel action. But criminal libel is punishable with prison.

* * *

No racial enormity in South Africa would now surprise the British public, but few people, I think, can have been prepared to learn that in Southern Rhodesia a European woman has been sentenced to nine months' imprisonment for having 'unlawfully and voluntarily indulged in illicit intercourse with an African'. Though she pleaded that, having been in Rhodesia no more than 18 months, she had not realised that intimacy with an African was illegal, she was given a heavier sentence than her lover, for he was a lorry driver in her employment, and it was therefore presumed that she must have 'encouraged' him. In mitigation, she pleaded that she had heard of a European woman having an African husband in another part of the country.

A satirist like Orwell would have loved this case. One could picture his description of a 1984 judge firmly dismissing a plea in mitigation that the accused had not known it was wrong to eat apples; she had not realised the prohibition extended outside the Garden of Eden.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

St Pancras will soon be a better, brighter borough, with streets of houses gleaming with new paint, thousands of extra flats on the market, and To Let signs springing up everywhere—because of the Rent Act.—Report of a speech in *Hampstead & Highgate Express*. (U. P.)

Could you, please, assist me? I am trying to find a book I read some years ago. It was a small paperbacked one written by a lady. In it were given exercises for mental control, one of which was to imagine oneself inside a matchbox.—Letter in *Prediction*. (Lily Winthrop.)

I suggest that ALL textiles of Hong Kong, Japanese and Indian origin should be burnt forthwith and the importation of all further quantities stopped.

Doubtless the advent of Asian flu is one of the consequences. Next it will be bubonic plague. After all, the Black Plague spread from London in a germ-laden wedding dress. Ban these textiles before it's too late.—Letter in *Manchester Evening News*. (Peter Shires.)

Bernadette O'Brien, 21-year-old daughter of trade union boss Sir Tom O'Brien, flounced her skirt and said: 'After Cowes and West End night clubs, trade union conferences can be a bore'.—*Sunday Express*. (G. H. Elvin.)

No Ju-Ju

Fetish flourished in the Gold Coast mud!
Ghana's democracy is in the bud!
Ministers-in-training
From ancient ways refraining
No longer aim at draining
The Opposition's blood.

Ghana the tribal chief dethrones,
Unconstitutional acts disowns,
But persistent rumour
Says Premier Nkrumah,
When put out of humour,
Behaves like Emperor Jones.

Deportees may not stand their trial,
Civil rights meet with harsh denial,
Justice is obstructed,
Rebels are abducted,
Government conducted
In old Gold Coast style.

Independence its blessings showers,
Premier Nkrumah blights freedom's flowers—
Publicity's not courted
When aliens are deported,
Subversive projects thwarted
By ministerial powers.

Old is the Gold Coast, but Ghana's new—
Give to Nkrumah the credit due!
A modern politician,
He hamstrung opposition,
But summoned no magician—
He never used Ju-Ju!

Spells and witchcraft could work his will,
Making opponents extremely ill,
But fomenters of disorder
He kicked across the border,
By a statutory order
And a deportation Bill.

F. L.

Loneliness vs. Solitude

I FORGET what chance it was that set me down, a sullen Londoner, in Wantage one damp Sunday afternoon in the winter, but I then doubted for the first time the truth of *magna civitas, magna solitudo*. Wantage is no great city; but the shuttered shops and the silence, the exclusive patient groups on the street corners, and the drawn window blinds afforded me a sudden vision of the kind of loneliness I have heard described as a positive force, existing evilly in its own right and not as a mere negative consequence of withdrawn human society.

This dynamic conception of it is to be found on almost every page of the *Report on Loneliness* drawn up by a sub-committee of the Women's Group on Public Welfare*. Although this could do little more in its 60 pages than catalogue the numerous kinds and causes of loneliness, it seems at first sight so comprehensive that it is a surprise to find it passing over the problem of the aged, the disabled, and the growing population of coloured immigrants and foreign refugees, the first two because they are already the concern of existing organisations, and the last because they 'present so many problems it was felt best not to include them'. It seems to me that if loneliness is to be recognised, at long last, as the vast social evil it has undoubtedly become, there are certain of its causes, apart from age, disablement and foreignness, that we should all identify clearly in our minds. These are the breaking up of small communities in favour of the impersonal life in growing industrial towns: the increasing mobility of labour (there are now one and a half million workers living alone): the lack of early training, among middle-aged, single women, for any skilled occupation—large numbers of these women are condemned to unskilled, ill-paid and boring jobs that inhibit social contacts: the increase in hire purchase, which is said to leave insufficient money, in many households, for entertaining: and, in the case of many children under school age, the real and lasting foundation for loneliness produced by small families, flat-dwelling, and the absence of any training for young parents about the social needs of infants.

As to the latter, I have lately come across a seemingly growing reaction against what is called 'the cult of the child'. It is said that the modern ideal can contemplate the destruction of any quantity of adult happiness if the happiness and well-being of a child can be thus assured. Whatever truth there may be in this, it is clear enough, by way of example, that the unhappiness often inflicted upon one or more adults by officially removing a child from foster-parents can be both stupid and cruel. The study group who compiled this report, however, have seen and pondered the René Spitz film, *Somatic Consequences of Emotional Starvation in Infants*, which compares the first year's growth of two babies, one taken from its mother at five months and the other not. The latter progressed steadily, while the former, at eight months, was 'in every way below his standard at five months', and had lost even the desire to pull himself up in his cot. It was 'a staggering lesson in the effect of loneliness', says the report, which condemns the practice of taking a new-born child from its mother as 'the infliction of a deep biological loneliness

* Published by the National Council of Social Service, 26 Bedford Square, WC1. 3*s*. 6*d*.

on human life'. Baby animals, it adds, in a reckless side-slip into zoomorphic analogy, 'after the shock of parturition, are free to be with their mothers as closely and as constantly as they wish'. The numerous cases in which this would amount to a freedom to be eaten are probably the cases in which the animals, not being attractive ones, are unsuitable for the purpose of pointing a humanitarian argument. But there are many who believe that the unmarried mother's chance of escaping the loneliness of moral isolation is to give up her baby at birth, and it is in such conflicts over the claim to happiness that the so-called 'cult of the child' rallies its opponents. The authors of this report seem to me to be on the side of commonsense when they deprecate the bringing-up of 'over-protected' children, who lack the social experience that will aid them in making friends.

Loneliness as a matter of temperament, however, certainly begins early in life; and it may well be that by the age of seven (which is all that the Jesuit asks) a child's ability to meet his social obligations is set for good or ill. This is the sphere of the educationist, or perhaps when despair is really setting in, of the child psychologist. In later life, when acute loneliness can be a predisposing element in grave mental illness, psychiatry will encounter it as a serious problem.

Meanwhile, what can be done about the general social conditions that cut off so many of us from our fellows? This report addresses its recommendations to the local authorities, to the voluntary welfare societies, to the churches, and to employers. Tell lonely people *where* they can go for company, it says to the local authorities: put up lists of clubs and 'interest groups' everywhere, teach school-leavers about them, establish community centres and playgrounds; and provide a 'Good Neighbour' service like the City of Worcester's, co-ordinating what everyone is trying to do for the lonely. (I wonder what would be the effect of one biggish display advertisement in all the national daily papers, inviting the lonely to make themselves known – and whether existing organisations could cope with the rush?) The report urges the voluntary societies to plan their programmes so as to include interests that can be pursued at home alone. It suggests that service groups at the churches (though the same is true of anyone) can visit lonely people in hospital, do shopping for old people, and relieve members of a family who are tied by the care of elderly parents or young children. And it points out that employers can help by switching jobs for the noticeably lonely and, in the case of small firms, by combining with others to provide joint social activities.

I suppose we all know of lonely but unapproachable people, and often watch helplessly as their apartness intensifies and takes root: there can be a kind of appetite for loneliness that grows with what feeds on. If there is ever to be a concerted attack on loneliness, are these the people who should be prevailed upon to man it? Anyone who is to help the lonely effectively must have a profound understanding of their condition – as distinguished from solitude, which I am regarding as invariably self-sought and usually blissful. The Women's Group on Social Welfare deprecates the idea, applied indiscriminately, that the lonely should help the lonely. 'The personal problems of loneliness vary so much from individual to individual that the experience of one sufferer may be of little use to another.'

But it is the use of the word 'sufferer' that seems to me to lie at the heart of this problem. I believe that loneliness and solitude are so often indistinguishable by the onlooker that he can actually inflict greater 'suffering' on the victim of his good intentions than he would by leaving him alone. One of the most potent forces always in opposition to both loneliness and solitude is the natural gregariousness of man, even if it usually takes wars and earthquakes to release it. It is true that, as Lady Falmouth writes in a foreword to the report

> the very discoveries which have made it possible for men to live together in vast urban communities, have also made it all too easy for the individual to sink into isolation and insignificance in the face of the monster impersonal machine he has created.

But what may eventually drive together again the men it has separated is the very concept of the machine as anti-humanist and menacing. Men will have increasing leisure in which to associate, and although this will be the gift of the machine itself, their industrial inheritance is such that they are likely, I believe, to profess to see the machine more and more as the cause of their social ills. Where the greater loneliness is to be found at present seems to be a matter of conjecture, and here even this report is self-contradictory: 'The middle-income groups would seem to be the most prone of loneliness (except for the aged poor)' – *page 7*; and 'the incidence of loneliness is higher among the unskilled and underpaid workers: this is especially true of women' – *page 48*. But wherever it is most to be found seems a matter of tepid statistical interest: in any years to come, Walter de la Mare's 'Poor Miss 7' will always touch the imagination more subtly:

> Five steep flights from the earth and one from heaven;
> Dark hair and dark brown eyes—
> Not to be sad she tries,
> Still—still it's lonely lies
> Poor Miss 7.

C. H. ROLPH

The Hindi Writer

The Official Language Commission, appointed in June 1955, has recently placed its report before both Houses of the Indian parliament. It states that the obvious linguistic medium for pan-Indian purposes is the Hindi language. It has been adopted as the Union language because more people speak and understand it, and not because other regional languages are in any way inferior to it in development or literary wealth. The Commission is not prepared to pronounce now whether a general changeover from English to Hindi will be found practicable by 1965. It recommends that no restriction should be imposed for the present on the use of the English language for any purposes of the Union.

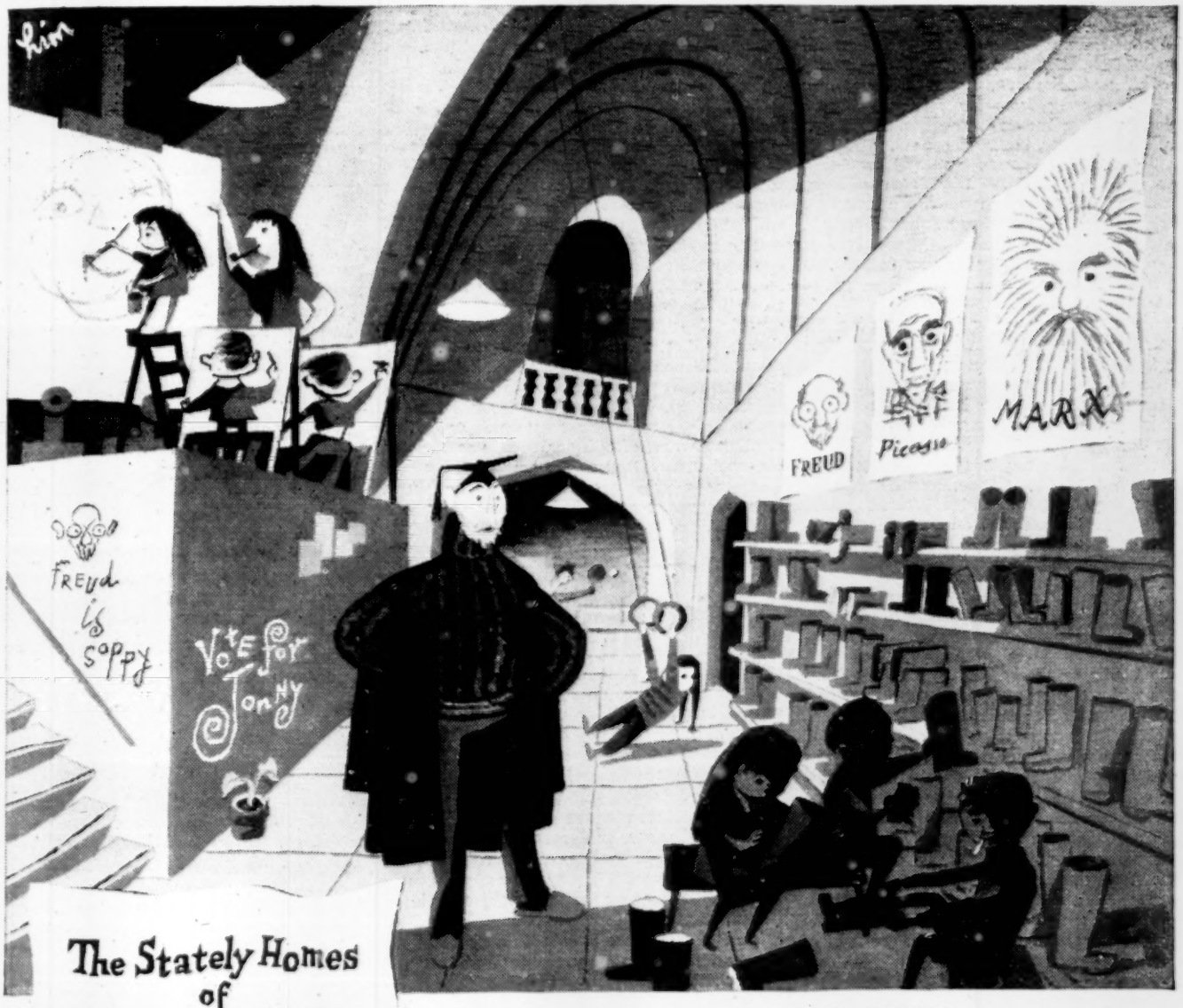
THERE has been a sort of gold-rush boom in the world of Hindi letters since India became independent. Quite suddenly after 15 August 1947, the Hindi writer found himself occupying the centre of the stage, bathed in the limelight, the object of much admiration and still more envy. And that was both a sudden and novel experience for him. In the centuries before independence, throughout the British period of the country's history, Hindi had occupied a back seat. During the last century before independence she was made to yield pride of place in her very home – to Urdu. All that the Hindi writer could do, all that he did, was to hope and wait and, so that he was not forgotten altogether, now and then to make a noise and draw attention to himself. It is, therefore, scarcely surprising that the country's independence should have brought about a sudden change in the atmosphere and outlook.

The republican constitution that gave Hindi recognition as the official language-to-be of the Indian Union, did not come into force until 26 January 1950. But everyone knew, when the country became independent, that no other Indian language could receive this recognition. Those from the non-Hindi areas of the country were only too well aware of the immense numerical superiority of the Hindi-speaking population, while the Hindi-speaking people themselves had long awaited what they always believed was their inalienable right – for the same reason. What the constitution did, according to the Hindi writer, was not so much to confer a new position on Hindi as to give its formal approval to what was in reality always its position.

I have said that during the British period of India's history Hindi had to occupy a back seat, having to yield pride of place to Urdu. I am not going to labour that point but, to the extent that it seems necessary for my purpose here, I would like to elaborate it a little. Urdu and Hindi are recognised in the new Indian constitution as two separate languages but they are not in fact so easily separable as all that. They are like two big branches of a tree, shooting out in different directions and being farthest away from each other at the top and closest to each other at the point of leaving the parent trunk. They draw sustenance from the same soil and atmosphere but, in their high literary reaches, seem to be far apart and almost unconnected. What adds to their apparent dissimilarity is the fact that Urdu is written in the Persian script and that at once gives it an altogether unique, un-Indian look and unhappily emphasises the differences between the two sister languages.

Urdu was once the favoured language and Hindi the unhappy cinderella in her own home. With the coming of English, Urdu came down to the second and Hindi to the third place. The inevitable result of all this was that the best educated people in north India, like the best educated Prussians under Frederick the Great, looked down upon the native language and devoted their entire attention to cultivating English – and, to a lesser extent, Urdu. It was not until the coming of Gandhi that the humblest man in the street began to be truly conscious of the dignity and worthwhileness of his own humble life and home and language – and as his awareness of and love for them grew, his language and literature grew in stature. The better educated became less contemptuous of Hindi – and Hindi began to be written and read by better cultivated minds than those it could attract earlier. Thus the quality of the literature being produced in Hindi also grew. Few will dispute that the best-known name in Hindi literature – in the post-mutiny era – is that of Premchand, the novelist; and his career reflects the emergence of Hindi literature from darkness into light, under the invigorating, if indirect, impact of Gandhi's leadership.

The Hindi writer of today has a sense of a steadily rising status – both at home and abroad. He is no longer embittered, frustrated and cynical. A magic wand seems to have been waved across the literary world. Everyone has suddenly become interested in him, in what he thinks and what he writes and how he writes. There is, fortunately, little evidence of this change in the atmosphere affecting him adversely – as it might very well have done had he been either wholly unprepared for it or wholly unequipped. Surprising as it may be, he has never been lacking in the equipment that is the prerequisite of a writer aiming at a world audience. He has not so far had a world audience, it is true. As a matter of fact, he has not even had a countrywide audience. But he has seldom addressed anything



The Stately Homes of SCHWEPPSHIRE

NEW SCHWEPTON

Long admired as a Schweppshire land-mark, Schwepton Hall has been turned to new uses. Once the annexe to the hunting lodge of the footman of the favourite of Anne of Schwellenburg, it came later, by the natural processes of democratisation, under the ownership of the first Marquis of Schweppingham, who created Schwepton Hall Golf Course (9 holes), and whose ashes are buried in the bunker guarding the 8th green.

When in 1925 the second Marquis moved to two rooms over the village post-office, Schwepton Hall Co-educational was founded. The ideal of "New Schwepton" was the creation of a tremendously modern school in tremendously ancient surroundings. "Well proportioned old drain pipes mean well balanced boys," said Founder Uschwepski, "but modernised art goes best with modernised play pens," he continued, placing an abstract on concrete. "It's what you take in through the back of your neck which matters," he remarked noticing that the boys seemed to be paying no attention. It is said that this great educationist once talked for eight months without actually mentioning anything, though he had left fairly extraordinary objects lying about.

Our picture shows Schwepton today, a little dimmed in spirit, with even a touch of stale-mate. Twenty-five years of never saying "don't" has not left the Fifth Form master looking any younger. The Picasso prints are yellow and peeling. A new boy recently sneaked off to the woods to indulge in some secret Latin prose composition. Two misfit girls ran away to the Establishment for the Daughters of Fairly Distinguished Gentlewomen.

But the spirit of Schwepton will prevail. Four hundred and eighty successive Common Entrance candidates will not have failed in vain.

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

less than a countrywide audience: more often than not, he has tried to speak to a world audience, undeterred by the thought that such an audience did not exist. I would like to stress this point because it is in his relative freedom from region- or province-consciousness that the Hindi writer has differed most from his fellow craftsmen writing in other Indian Languages. Hindi has been, for one thing, the language of too vast an area to have ever become a merely provincial language. For another, the Hindi area has been the centre of the stage on which the drama of Indian history has been played. It has, therefore, been the good fortune of Hindi literature that it has grown against a rather broader background than could have been furnished by the largest of merely provincial units.

Today the Hindi writer is aware of a far greater responsibility resting on his shoulders than he has ever borne before. He has to live down the hostility that the new constitutional position of his language has inevitably created in the non-Hindi areas. At the same time he has to prove that his work will faithfully and capably reflect and represent the newly-awakened national mind as it did before independence. Above all, he has to convince the world that Hindi literature is really on a par with the other modern literatures of the world. I have little doubt that the Hindi writer of today has it in him to succeed in all these directions, The best of modern Hindi poetry, I believe, is of equal rank with the best of modern poetry in the west, not only in quality but also in character. In other fields Hindi is less well off – but even in those she is undoubtedly making rapid progress. There are two big dangers, though, against which the Hindi writer of today has to guard himself. The first of these is the lure of the gold rush of which I spoke at the beginning of this article. To the extent to which he is able to resist the temptation of deliberately seeking state patronage – of which there is plenty being offered him today – he will preserve his freedom unsullied, and to the extent to which he retains his fredom, he will remain capable of producing worthy literature. The other danger is that of his falling a prey to the wave of revivalism and chauvinism which, in a country that has newly won its freedom, is, perhaps, not too unnatural. If he is able to guard himself against these two dangers, I have little doubt that the Hindi writer of today will make as valuable a contribution as any to the growth of a world literature – which alone can pave the way to a better-integrated world.

C. B. Rao

The Survivor

Anyone who has reached the age of 45 or thereabouts without being maimed, financially ruined, blown up, tortured to madness, or hanged, must, I think, feel a general (though often unavowable) sympathy with other members of what may be termed 'the Abbé Sieyès Group' – people who, when asked, like Sieyès, what they did during the revolution are able to reply with modest confidence that they 'survived it'.

For many years, allowing my attention to wander from the successful people who have an apartment on the 20th floor, and the failures who jumped out of it, I have brooded on the survivors – people who, according to the laws of probability, should be dead or in jail, and are not. What, just for example, in Easter Week 1916 were the chances of survival for Eamon De Valera? Would anyone have backed them with any serious money? Certainly not. That wild-eyed fanatic was a gone coon if ever there was one. Yet he is still Prime Minister of Ireland. It is a disturbing phenomenon for those who think it wrong to back anything but an odds-on favourite.

It is, of course, hard to nominate anyone for membership of the Sieyès Group because, before your nomination can get printed, it is more than possible that a news despatch from here or there will carry the sad intelligence that your man has died suddenly of leftism, rightism, or occupational ulcer. However, I will take this chance and nominate for the Sieyès Hall of Fame Dr Petru Groza who, when I knew him, was Prime Minister of Rumania and is – unless something has happened – at this moment still a powerful figure in Rumanian politics. As I recall, when I started writing this, he was the Speaker – or words to that effect – of the Rumanian parliament.

'Bravo!' was the first word I heard Dr Groza speak. It was uttered in praise of an Italian dress which my wife had bought, *en route* to Bucharest, and was wearing at what, up to that point, had been a solemn kind of diplomatic reception. Groza made no kind of secret of the fact that he was prepared to throw all the ambassadors of the world out of the reception line in favour of a pretty woman in a new Italian dress. And 'Bravo!' was the last word I heard from him – uttered in praise of my statement that after a weekend at his country home in what Philip Jordan used to call 'the heart of the Dracula country', I had no trace of hangover.

Far away in the Thirties, Groza was the youngest Cabinet minister in Rumania. He was also among the four or five largest landowners in that country, and a director of between 40 and 50 industrial companies. To be in that position in Rumania does not, one would think, foster idealism. It can even produce a certain earthiness. And it is a fact that Groza bought his clothes in London, and hired a boxing professional and a tennis professional from Berlin to keep him in form.

One day, during a Cabinet meeting, Groza slammed his portfolio together and said, 'Gentlemen, I resign. I am leaving this Sodom and Gomorrah of Bucharest for my estate in Transylvania. I shall not recross the Carpathians until things are very different'. Everyone in Bucharest naturally thought it was a stunt. In fact Groza did go to his estate in Transylvania and did not recross the Carpathians for 17 years. After 17 years he recrossed them twice – the first time to be jailed as an anti-Hitlerite, the second to be installed as Prime Minister with the blessing of the late Vyshinsky.

When I met him he was somewhere in the late sixties, and had spent the morning of the day I first visited him running round the park for a mile or so, playing tennis, and then knocking down a man who was trying to assassinate him in the foyer of the Athenée Hotel. He seemed preoccupied. After the usual chat about world peace and the future of this and that, I found ourselves on sufficiently good terms to enquire what was on his mind. I explained that I much enjoyed talking with him, but did not want to disturb him if he were engaged in matters of state. He disclosed that he was trying to work out a means of playing a rather malign practical joke on an American senator – a special envoy of President Truman, publisher of, I think, a famous Middle-west journal, who was coming to check up on the state of westishness and eastishness in the Balkans.

It was a project – the joke, I mean – in which I felt able to offer some small assistance. After several further conversations, he invited us to spend the week-end with him in Transylvania. We were all to go up together in his special train. In case anyone should be again lurking to assassinate him the special train left from a surburban station, outside Bucharest. The security arrangements were so complete that all the food for the journey was sent to another surburban station. We faced a journey through the night and the mountains with no provender other than a huge supply of hock which, fortunately, had been put aboard before the security people got busy.

Groza spoke perfect German and good French of a rather Teutonic kind. But his mind was restless, and somewhere towards three in the morning, as the little train – loaded only with ourselves and a horde of armed guards who kept tramping through the restaurant car fingering their pistols – snaked through the high mountains, he declared that the only language in which to conduct a serious discussion of life was Latin. I had not spoken Latin for years, and always badly. To attempt to do so in the middle of the night after a five-hour diet of good hock was exhausting. Groza, to my dismay, spoke it fluently.

His house in the mountains was a handsome place in the old Austrian style. The first thing my wife and I saw in our bedroom as we sought to relax after that extenuating night trip was a big printed notice in Rumanian, German, French and English. It said that guests were forbidden to smoke except in 'the Moorish lounge', that drinking except at meals was forbidden, that at the sound of the first gong before lunch or dinner everyone must assemble in the central hall, and at the sound of the second gong proceed to the dining room. Anyone, said the notice, who failed to get into the central hall before the sound of the second gong would be excluded from the dining room and get nothing to eat.

I lay on my back, smoking a cigar up the chimney like a mid-Victorian visiting his aunt. The first gong went and we went down to lunch – all the guests were assembled under the eye of Madame Groza. The second gong went, and nothing happened for half an hour. At the end of that time Groza appeared, smoking a cigar, sipping a glass of vodka and enquiring why nobody else was smoking or drinking.

'Why', I asked him when, after a day or two in that comfortable house, I knew him a little better, 'why put up these terrifying rules which nobody keeps or seems even supposed to keep?' 'Because', said he, 'in Rumania, unless we at least look as though we had some sort of rules people behave absolutely no-how. One must preserve at least the appearance of an ordered life'.

On the shelves of his study were as many as 40 or perhaps 50 small diaries, bound identically in limp red leather. He had filled in a page or half page every day of his life since he was ten years old. The first entry concerned his first visit, at that age, to London, with a note to the effect that the bus fare from Waterloo to somewhere in the City was 2d. Much later there was a half page devoted to his first meeting with Adolf Hitler.

'But all those 17 years', I said, 'after you left the Cabinet and sat down on this side of the Carpathians? What did you do all the time?' 'I cultivated my estates', Groza said, 'I made a comparative study of the various religious and political beliefs of the world. And' – he paused to fill me another glass of vodka—'above all, I learned to think dialectically'.

Claude Cockburn

STILL TEN STEPS AHEAD

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GRANADA TV NETWORK

LONDON AND MANCHESTER

Fleet Street Notebook

In its 89th year the Trades Union Congress may be said to have made the grade at last. This week it has not only captured the front pages; that is normal enough. It has actually invaded the gossip columns too. From Simon Ward in the *Daily Sketch* it has been possible to learn that Sir Thomas and Lady Williamson ('she dispenses', we were told, 'a stiff gin and orange': just like a real gossip column character, in fact) occupied suite No. 127 at the Imperial ('Blackpool's only four-star hotel') with gold wallpaper, the same suite as the Queen Mother had when she spent a night in Blackpool last year. Also that Lady Williamson was knitting a cardigan for her 15-month-old granddaughter while her husband presided over the congress. The *Daily Mail's* Tanfield contributed the fascinating information that Sir Tom O'Brien (he had a suite with plain wallpaper, not gold like the Williamsons) carries his Havana cigars in his socks – presumably the ones he is not wearing. Tanfield's readers were further advised that although Mr Ted Hill, the Boilermakers leader, likes to wear open-necked shirts (he likes the air to get to his neck, said the *Sketch*), he always puts on a tie for dinner – grey with white stripes, according to the *Sketch* gossip man, always on the spot with the vital detail. John London of the *News Chronicle* had even more exciting news. Alone among the delegates' wives, he was able to report, his teeth chattering slightly, Mrs Nance Cousins had actually gone swimming in the Blackpool sea and the head barman at the Imperial had invented a Cousins cocktail – even although Frank Cousins and Nance had decided to stay at a more modest hotel.

If the gossip columnists knew what they wanted (and all, by and large, wanted the same thing) the special reporters in their eve-of-Congress stories were not quite so sure – or perhaps it was a case of different papers, different sailing instructions. *The Times* reported that 'nearly everything controversial has been successfully drafted out of the agenda; the *Daily Telegraph* said that widespread revolt on the right and the left against the Labour Party Executive's state ownership proposals would be brought into the open at the TUC. *Herald* readers were told differently. 'Pre-congress rumours that the Labour movement will be split over the Labour Party's shares-in-industry plan can be discounted,' it advised them firmly – although for *News Chronicle* readers the anxious news was that 'Labour's plans for painless nationalisation are running into trouble'.

As so often happens on such occasions, when the TUC actually began it failed, at any rate in its earlier stages, to live up to the bright expectations. A good deal of it turned out to be dull. The industrial correspondents as a group are intelligent men and women with a good deal of expert knowledge, and as they have to live with trade union leaders year in and year out, and not just for a wild week at Blackpool, they prefer to report and interpret responsibly. There was a notable fall in the temperature as they got into their stride at a safe distance from their offices.

However, news editors and editors cannot be denied all the time. The public must be served, and, as everyone knows, what the public wants is drama – drama and personalities. The *Evening Standard* did what it could to set tongues wagging by reporting that, unlike previous Labour Party treasurers, Mr Aneurin Bevan was not at the congress – although, as it was careful to point out, dear old Arthur Greenwood when he held the job for all those years never failed to come along to pay his respects to the gentlemen with the money. However, tongues did not wag very much: other seams had to be mined for the raw material for sensations and splits.

The best paying lode, it was pretty unanimously decided, was Hugh Gaitskell's visit; no suite, whether with or without gold wallpaper, for him, reported the gossip columnists with lumps in their throats, only a single room at the end of a corridor. The simple explanation that Mr Gaitskell had accepted an invitation from Sir Thomas Williamson, president of the TUC, to the dinner of the National Union of General and Municipal Workers of which he is general secretary – and Mr Gaitskell himself a humble member – obviously was not going to satisfy any news editor worth his salt. Other more devious reasons had to be found. No long search was required. Mr Gaitskell, reported Fleet Street practically unanimously, had moved Blackpool-wards to save 'his' public ownership plans from extinction beneath the revolutionary, left-wing steam roller of the trade unions. There was no mention of the fact that the new public ownership policy had been put forward unanimously by all the members of the National Executive, including Mr Cousins' second-in-command, Mr Nicholas. And that it had been drafted by a committee which included Mr Bevan, Mr Mikardo and Mrs Barbara Castle as well as Mr Gaitskell. But to tell the whole story as a straight one in which quite a lot of trade unionists thought it desirable to take a long, cold look at a policy document could not have provided the necessary touch of personal drama. It had to be Mr Gaitskell's individual plan to make the right headlines. No doubt, however, Mr Gaitskell in his single room at the end of the corridor, Sir Thomas Williamson in his gold papered suite, Mr Cousins in his modest hotel and Mr Bevan failing to behave like Mr Arthur Greenwood, were not too much troubled. They should all be well able to assess news stories at their proper value. After all, they have had a good deal of experience by now.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

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The Arts and Entertainment

Unfestive Board

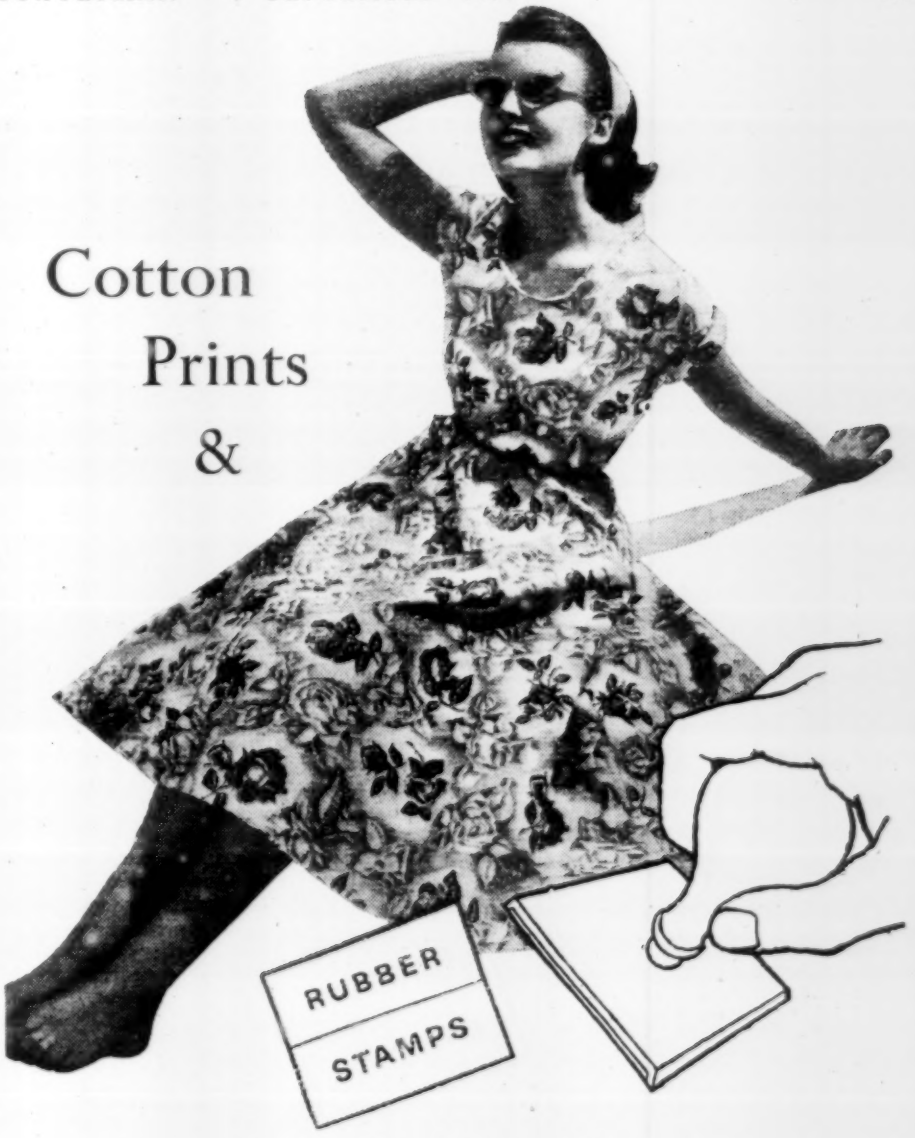
Disappointment with the dramatic side of the Edinburgh Festival is now widespread. If the Festival Society want to maintain Edinburgh as a date worth keeping for playgoers, they will have to polish their wits. That, anyhow, is the common dramatic critics' view. I wonder whether it is more general than that, too. The critics' view is a jaundiced one. Would the average visitor up at Edinburgh perhaps primarily for the music find the fare more tempting? He wouldn't certainly have the same kind of resistance reaction to the programme we have. We arrived at Edinburgh, for instance, this year promised, apart from *The Hidden King*, a meal made up of *réchauffés*. At the Lyceum three plays were booked. First, there was *Nekrassov*, a four- or five-year-old play of Sartre's which we have probably anyhow already seen when it was done at the Unity; and if we haven't, the appetite is anyhow pre-blunted by knowing that we have to see it again in a few weeks' time, for it is only stopping off at Edinburgh a week on its way down to the Royal Court. The same applies to the Henry Sherek production of *A Man of Distinction* which succeeded *Nekrassov* at the Lyceum. It is a revival of a well-known German comedy of the Twenties prinked up, and groomed for its date in London a month on. (I propose to review both only when they arrive here.) In the third week at the Lyceum Jean-Louis Barrault brings over Anouilh's *La Répétition* which has been in his repertoire, is it nine years? Not much to tempt one then at the Lyceum. The third official date is at the Gateway where the resident repertory company perform a Scottish play *Flouers o' Edinburgh* by Robert McLellan. This is by no manner of means a new play, but at least it may be new to many of us, and very amusing it turned out to be. That completes the official dramatic offering and I don't think it is only critics' grumps which find it sadly inadequate.

It is a further indication of the blindness of the organisers to the dramatic side of their festival that, having had the bright idea of commissioning a Shakespeare recital from Sir John Gielgud – just the kind of side-dish that a festival should provide – they should have only risked offering him one appearance when he would have filled the Freemasons' Hall time and time again. The lucky few who obtained tickets for this event were given a spectacular treat.

That Sir John speaks beautifully we didn't need reminding. But perhaps we do need reminding how large a part of acting consists in speaking beautifully and that this means something more than intoning in a 'poetic' voice. Intelligence is one important part of the battle: we must be led to follow the often complicated sequence of thought. A sensitive feeling for the flow of the line and the shape of the phrase is no less important; from that, rather than from elongating the emotive words, comes the music. Then Sir John can, at a jump, there on the bare stage before a reading desk, fling us with his voice into the dramatic heart of *Hamlet* or *Richard II*.

This recital anyhow gave the disappointed critics a much-needed fillip, and we turned with more zest to consider which of the 'fringe' plays would reward our time best. But here again more enterprise is displayed by the groups of amateurs and professionals in getting themselves to the festival and putting a show on than in their choice of plays or their method of staging them. It is surely a wonderful chance for real daring and experiment when so many willing victims are gathered together in one place. Any group which brought to the Edinburgh fringe a novelty of real worth would be sure of the largest and warmest critical coverage. Thus it came about that a schoolboy playing the part of *Hamlet* became elevated in one week to the proportions of a boy genius. The Leyton High School's production at the Edinburgh Academy is not superior enough to other schoolboy productions to deserve such attention on its own merits. It only confirmed my view that acting is an admirable thing, educationally speaking, for schoolchildren to do, but a torture for the spectators to watch. (And the fatuous view that, because Shakespeare wrote his women's parts for boys, they can only be properly interpreted by them, receives another healthy knock.) But the wholly amateur efforts of the rest of the cast do serve to show up Derek Jacobi as an actor on a different plane. It is less what he does with the part that impresses – it is naturally beyond the range of a modern 17-year-old – than that he has (as well as a naturally musical but untrained voice) the power of distilling and projecting feeling thick and strong into the auditorium the moment he appears. This is the actor's gift *per se*: it is there raw and pure in Mr Jacobi and it will be interesting to see what is made of it.

The Oxford Theatre Group, have in the last few years been the most adventurous group to come to Edinburgh and they maintain that reputation with a production on a platform stage of Ugo Betti's *Corruption in the Palace of Justice*. This rather incomprehensible, and certainly inconclusive, study of guilt in a somewhat Kafkaesque manner is most interestingly staged by Eric Rhode, while the problem of the decor, which presents formidable difficulties in this type of staging, is given a most satisfying solution by Michael Richardson. This remained the only new (or shall we say comparatively new – it was written in 1944) highbrow offering that I attended or heard of. The Perth Repertory Company deserve praise for putting on two new plays of which I saw one, George Scott-Moncrieff's *Blood upon the Rose* at the Lauriston Hall. This boldly took on as its subject the Hungarian rising, and it is hardly surprising if, so soon after the event, it failed to match the theme and had to meet it with action clichés recollected from the Thirties. What did strike me here was the high level of the repertory company's acting, polished consistent and smooth. And the same comment is provoked by Mr Bryan Bailey's London Club



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Theatre Group, another regular festival event. They, too, chose a new play, *The Queen and the Welshman* by Rosemary Ann Sisson. This is a quite agreeable piece of unashamed historical tushery in the modern manner describing the marriage of Henry V's young widow to Sir Owen Tudor. What did impress me more was the all-round excellence of the cast who played the piece with warmth and sincerity which considerably enhanced it. The economic and evocative setting by Michael Tragmar was equally notable.

But the fringe – like the official festival itself – could do with a little more daring and perhaps a little more liaison work. *Two* separate productions of *A Sleep of Prisoners* seems excessive. Finally, I must record that my most sheerly enjoyable evening was at Robert McLellan's The *Flouers o' Edinburgh*. Doubts whether a sassenach would understand this Scottish piece were soon dispelled and not only because the theme of eighteenth-century aristocrats teaching themselves to speak la-di-da English gave one a let-up from the doric. Duncan Macrae and Jock Carmichael are superb comic actors whose fun is comprehensible in any language.

T. C. WORSLEY

Edinburgh Festival – III

THE most serious and generally most rewarding side of Edinburgh's music-making is represented at the morning concerts in the Freemasons' Hall. Many of the performers at these concerts had hitherto been known to us mainly or wholly through the gramophone; and there was therefore the added interest, well known to students of painting and architecture, of comparing the real thing with a long familiar reproduction.

During the first week Janos Starker played all Bach's suites for unaccompanied cello; his masterly phrasing, pure tone, varied dynamics and subtle rubato confirmed an impression that he is the most notable interpreter of such music since Casals; but on the first day there were small roughnesses in the execution such as do not appear in his recorded Bach. During the second week the Hollywood String Quartet played the complete cycle of Beethoven's late quartets. This was their first visit to Europe; and in their opening concert they disconcerted the most fervent admirers of their records (among whom I count myself) by performances of the E flat and C sharp minor Quartets which often sounded hasty, ill-balanced and unlovely in tone; only the quicksilver Scherzo of Opus 131 made an entirely favourable impression. Probably on this occasion the Hollywood team were suffering from the after-effects of their journey, for their second concert (which I was unable to hear) was reported to have been much better, while the third and final morning brought us some first-rate playing in the A minor and F major Quartets. Of the latter, the comparatively brief and enigmatic Opus 135, I cannot offhand recall a more perceptive and masterly interpretation; and almost all of Opus 132 was on a similarly high level, although in the *Heiliger Dankgesang* the note of inwardness and spiritual peace was not altogether achieved – probably because the Quartet played too loud and with too much vibrato.

With the pianist Clara Haskil our experience was quite different: anyone who knew only those recordings of her playing which have so far appeared in England could hardly have been prepared for the miraculous lucidity of her recital at the Freemasons' Hall. I have heard her play once or twice before, but never quite like this: her physical constitution is frail, and her frame will not always do the bidding of her intensely musical spirit. A Mozart sonata was ideally played, with a blend of emotion and precision hardly to be described by any means short of bar-by-bar analysis. In Beethoven's Opus 31, No. 2 (in E flat) she was equally persuasive; the tone remained unfailingly beautiful, and the style lyrical, but there was no lack of firmness in her grasp of structure. The posthumous Schubert B flat Sonata did not suit her quite so well – she treated it too loosely; but a few days later she gave us another masterly demonstration of Mozartian style in the F major Concerto (K.459), which she played with the Bavarian Radio Symphony Orchestra under Eugen Jochum.

This young orchestra (it was founded in 1949) made an excellent impression with its characteristically German virtues: a rich, well-nourished string tone, sonorous and rounded brass, and a general attention to good balance and even chording in every department. The woodwind, led by a first-rate flautist, has on the other hand a delicacy of timbre that is almost French. Eugen Jochum, the founder and regular conductor of the orchestra, gave us performances of Brahms, Strauss and Hindemith which were praiseworthy rather than incandescent; I can well believe, however, that the orchestra's Beethoven programme under Otto Klemperer deserved all the praise it received.

After the departure of the Germans, Dr. Klemperer stayed on to conduct our own Philharmonia Orchestra in a performance of Mahler's *Das Lied von der Erde* which promised to be one of the great events of the Festival, yet wasn't. This wild and lovely autumnal elegy is something of a tradition in Edinburgh, where the searching beauty and pathos of Kathleen Ferrier's singing and the golden sound of the Vienna Philharmonic under Bruno Walter are still vividly remembered. Klemperer's performance might almost have been designed as a corrective to such memories; he succeeded in leaving virtually unmoved many listeners to whom the work is peculiarly dear. There was much accurate and beautiful orchestral detail; there was an appropriate frenzy at several climaxes; but there was little rapture or heartbreak or consolation; often the conductor would neglect Mahler's agonizingly precise directions, especially in the matter of those sudden brief Viennese *ritenuti* so characteristic of his style. There was another still more important difference: the second, fourth and last songs were on this occasion allotted, not to a contralto, but to a baritone. The change is enormous: with due respect to one of my colleagues, it is by no means 'a matter of chance or whim which is preferred'. The title-page of the score gives the baritone casting as an alternative in brackets; and when we reach the entry of the voice in the second song we read: '*Alt-Stimme (kann eventuell auch von einem Bariton übernommen werden)*'. The wording suggests, surely, that the use of a baritone was envisaged by the composer only as a necessary compromise in the absence of a suitable contralto; and even if no such inference could be drawn from his words, the composer's scoring – especially the cool, translucent colours of 'Der Einsame im Herbst' – strongly supports the view that he must have had the contralto timbre and pitch in mind. Transposed down an octave, much of the vocal line became inaudible even in the hands of so good a singer as Herr Fischer-Dieskau; moreover, the lack of adequate contrast between the two male voices (Anton Dermota was the tenor) considerably reduced the sensuous appeal of the work as a whole. That there were moments of great beauty, both vocal and orchestral, in this interesting performance goes, of course, without saying; but the heart of the music was not there.

Other events must be very briefly chronicled. In the course of two Sunday afternoon recitals Victoria de los Angeles put it beyond reasonable doubt that she has the most beautiful quality and the most spontaneous charm of any singer now before the international public. She is still not quite at home in German Lieder, and thinks nothing of taking a breath between adjective and noun, or of following up a Brahms group with a captivating account of Delibes' *Bonjour Suzon* as an encore; but no one else now spins a line so sweetly and purely to its hushed conclusion, and when she reached her Spanish songs, especi-

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ally some teasing ditties by Vives and Granados, she was bewitching. Anna Russell's late-night guyings of the musical world were outrageously and uproariously funny. The Swedish Ballet delighted us in the bright-hued peasant naivety of *The Prodigal Son* and in the psychological subtlety of *Miss Julie;* their interesting extra-long *Giselle* was eclipsed by the abridged Ulanova version contained in the Bolshoi Ballet film.

Rossini's *Il Turco in Italia*, almost as well performed but not so well produced as *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, was musically the most exhilarating of all the Piccola Scala's offerings. The libretto, an amusing anticipation of Pirandello, shows the poet searching for a plot, finding it all round him, taking copious notes and from time to time lending a hand in the imbroglio himself. It is rather as though the Don Alfonso of *Così fan tutte* should further the intrigue, not to win his bet but to complete the libretto – of *Così fan tutte!* And there is something in the music too, notably a bubbling trio for male voices, which recalls the blithe Neapolitan gaiety of *Così*. Failing the presence of a Supervia-like heroine, I really think *Turco* makes a better evening than *L'Italiana*, to which it was at first thought to be an inferior sequel.

Among the soloists at Edinburgh, and at his regular desk with the Philharmonia, was the magnificent young horn-player, Dennis Brain; driving south through last Saturday night, he was killed in a solitary accident in the early hours of Sunday morning. The loss to music is truly irreparable, for no comparable artist now exists, and none, I think, has been heard within recent memory. His death, together with that of Edward Dent, has cast a shadow over the Festival. I hope to say a word about these rare musicians next week.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Hauntings

THE Americans apart, there is surely no people in the world today more worried about education than the English. Except at the very top of the class system, and perhaps at the very bottom, the one haunting anxiety that unites all parents is how to get the best education for their children. It would be easier, no doubt, if we had some clear notion of what the best education consisted of, but in fact we haven't: all we know, perhaps on not very good evidence, is that some schools, some kinds of education, seem better than others, and those are the schools that practically all parents want their children to go to. In recent weeks, this national preoccupation has been very adequately reflected in BBC discussion programmes. There was, for example, discussion on the public schools between Mr Anthony Crosland and Sir John Wolfenden. Granting the excellence of the public schools, Mr Crosland's democratic socialism was offended by the existence of these centres of privilege. It was the privilege he was objecting to, not the education offered; he wanted more children to have the chance of sharing in it. Sir John's position on the subject was not so far away as to make discussion impossible. The real questions, apart from those of cost, were how it could be done without destroying the public schools and without setting up, almost in the name of egalitarianism, an *élite* class.

Similar questions came up in a most interesting discussion last week, *The Leicestershire Experiment*, in which two headmasters and a director of education discussed with Mr Stewart C. Mason, the Director of Education for Leicestershire, his county's scheme for the abolition, in two selected

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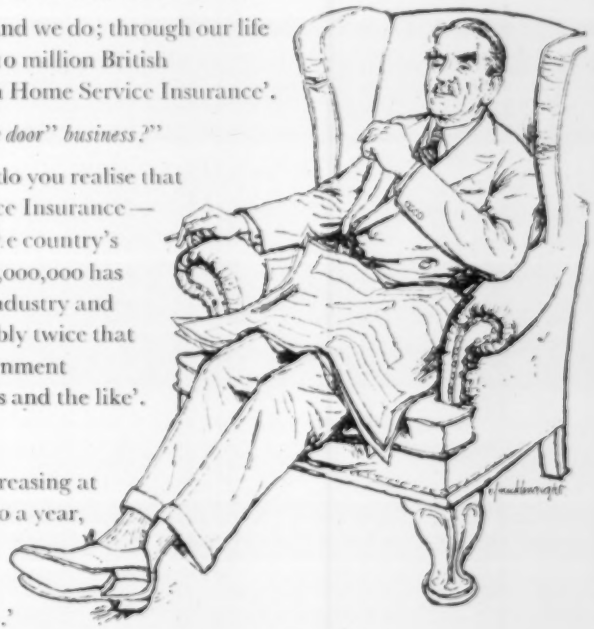

'Ah! You mean this "man at the door" business?'

'Exactly, George. And do you realise that this "business" — Home Service Insurance — invests enormous sums in the country's economic welfare? Over £300,000,000 has already been invested in Industry and Commerce alone, while probably twice that amount has gone into Government Securities, Mortgages and the like'.

'Really? You astonish . . .'

'And these savings are now increasing at the rate of about £60,000,000 a year, which I think you'll admit is pretty good'.

'Yes — but . . .'

'And all this comes about through that well known personality, the Insurance Man, who goes from home to home collecting premiums, paying claims, and generally being counsellor and guide to these 10 million families who look on him as a personal friend'.

'Yes — but how . . .'

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areas, of the 11-plus examination. It was a good confusing programme; by which I don't mean that the speakers themselves were confused but that the clash of reasoned opinion was such as to leave listeners, if I may take myself as typical, in a state of greater confusion at the end of it than at the beginning. This is not to criticise the programme; indeed, it is to praise it. Everyone in the programme was out for fairness, fairness to children as individuals. But fairness ceases to be simple as soon as one attempts to put it into practice; there are many kinds of fairness, and they clash. If as a result we are confused – as we must be, since to discuss education is to raise all the fundamental issues – we may at least hope to come to a 'new understanding of our confusion'.

These programmes satisfied because they did not burke the issues, they did not over-simplify. They were reflecting, and in doing so illuminating, public concern. Some programmes, however, seem to reflect no public concern, nothing at all, and one only wonders how they got there. To say this is not necessarily a criticism: the totally unexpected can be rewarding because it is unexpected. All the same, I do find the appearance in one week in August of a series of three programmes on psychical research somewhat mysterious and I am puzzled at my own reaction to them. The first two dealt with ghosts and the authentication of ghosts. With all respect to the learned participants in the programme, who included Professor Broad and Professor Price, I found them humourless and solemn. Did I, therefore, expect to find them funny? Do I, for that matter, look to programmes on serious scientific research for laughs? Of course not. Or was the sceptic's defence-mechanism at work? Possibly. Just as much to the point, I think, was the remarkably old-fashioned style of the programmes; the presentation and the language employed seemed almost absurdly formal. But there was something else, and on this the third programme, *Mental Mediumship*, threw light. This I found fascinating, and not because the method of presentation was different – it wasn't. I suspect that ghosts, whether or not there are ghosts scarcely matters, have become unreal to us; they belong to literature. But mediums have not. Very few of us have seen a ghost or seriously anticipate doing so, but all of us must have met people who seem to possess in some rudimentary form powers of mediumship, however explicable. Mediumship is a relatively common phenomenon, which means that one can listen to a discussion of it with some sense of participation, as of something not utterly outside one's own experience. Ghosts are another matter. Their proper place is in such a programme as Miss Muriel Sparks's brilliant little radio play *The Party through the Wall*, which we had the other week, as good a piece of writing for broadcasting as I have heard for a a long time.

WILLIAM SALTER

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Serious Americans

THE programme of Jose Limon's American Dance Company, now visiting England for the first time and showing at Sadler's Wells, is smouldering with portent. Thus a synopsis reads: 'The circle appears as symbol of time and timelessness: that is the theme, from which emerge other circles, like variations on the initial theme . . . to remind the spectator that the great opposites, birth-death, love-hate, are contained, and endured, in time.' It always seems to me that a strenuously earnest approach is ill-suited to dancing, which is too ephemeral a kind of expression to bear the weight of pompous, pretentious words. It is therefore a pleasure to find that, leaving the programme aside, this company can dance and not pose. Their basic movement comes from the Isadora Duncan – Ruth St Denis schools which, to my generation in Europe, were chiefly represented by the Joos company. But here is none of that delicate heaviness of gesture, that was at first so impressive and at last so dull in the German development. There is a slicker, gayer, Yankee style that whisks the soft-footed dancers about the stage. They are not especially subtle in their emotional expression because, excepting Pauline Koner, there are no good actors in the company; but they can all dance. That is, they move through a series of complicated gestures with grace and assurance. And this is not a common ability.

Mr Limon himself is curious. He is adept, but moves with such over-careful emphasis that the raising of a knee or an eyebrow is as serious a matter as the sentence of a judge. His continual emphasis of the slight as well as the important gives the illusion that he is so self-satisfied he can let nothing go by unnoticed. It leaves nothing to the imagination, which is disappointing for an audience. Pauline Koner, the other principal, is a fine dancer. She has a speed and attack that overcome and enhance each step she is given. So often dancers seem to be the victims of their steps, lurching and wobbling against heavy odds.

The best ballets on the first night were two by Mr Limon. His subjects are bursting with over-thoughtful ideas; but his design of movement is beautiful and original, which, after all, is the important thing in ballet. *There is a Time* (explained in the opening quotation) and *The Moor's Pavane* (variations on a theme of Othello), though not perfect works of art, are choreographically of great interest, the lyrical passages being especially lovely. The second choreographer is Doris Humphrey, who has less complicated ideas. Her *Dance Overture* and a fantasy of gipsy courtship are practical works which the company perform with professional ease. The gipsy ballet is a bit embarrassed when it comes to sex; there is the same trouble in *There is a Time*. This is an odd feature of much dancing, in which the anxiety to portray Feeling and Experience both Physically and Psychologically is so strong that the artists step outside the pattern of their technique, to wallow in a determined orgy of emotionalism, something akin to D. H. Lawrence at his most lurid. Virgins grovel before Tough Men.

The music by the American composer, Norman del Joio, is amusing. Amid his score for *There is a Time* there are hand-clapping effects and silent dances. Because the company performs so well, this tricky part of Mr Limon's method seems an endearing experiment in an art which is due for new development. Had the scenery and costumes been less commonplace, had the directors employed some brilliant artist like Clavé for their decor, the ballets would have made a far greater impression. As it is, the only thing to interest the eye is the elegant intricacy in the design of the women's skirts.

ANNABEL FARJEON

Witch Doctors

ARTHUR MILLER'S play *The Crucible*, seen recently at the Court Theatre, has been rewritten for the screen by J-P. Sartre. Needless to say Sartre pops in his stuff about the triumphing workers and the damned rich, so that the film – a striking one – ends like an imitation of the Russian: regrettable, since this has nothing to do with the matter in hand – the Salem witch-trials. If the film-makers wanted Sartre on the Salem witches, why drag in Arthur Miller, who had already, for the purposes of the stage, made his own distortion of fact? There was, back in Massachusetts in 1693, no love affair between John Proctor and Abigail Williams; she was 11 years old at the time. Miller made it quite plain that his drama contained inventions. Sartre took over the fictional love-story, injected his Marxist tonic, and begins the film with the written prelude, 'This is a true story'. What I am objecting to – let me make plain – is not ideological 'truth' as such, but the muddling of two kinds of truth. This is, I'm afraid, typical of the parasitic film-monger. Graham Greene was brought in to de-Protestantise Shaw's *St Joan*; Sartre is brought in to add the party line to Arthur Miller. The point is that in each case two dissimilar talents are wasted where one might have succeeded. *Saint Joan* was a respectable flop. *The Witches of Salem* (Academy) isn't that; indeed is so good, up to a point, that it's a pity the major chance should have been thrown away.

The love story, imagined by Arthur Miller, between a farmer and a girl working for him, supplies the motive of sexual jealously for the extraordinary scenes that follow. The wife catches them, the girl is turned out, she looks for a way of revenging herself, and so begins the rule of terror in which children had merely to testify that their elders were bedevilling them for those elders, no matter what their standing, to be tried and perhaps hanged as witches. The terrifying fact is that these deponents, who became skilled hysterics, were all children, and that the mad Puritanism they grew up in encouraged them: the film itself, despite distractions, makes this both forceful and possible. A malignant cleric,

Ninth month in the modern calendar, September was only seventh in the Roman year, which began with March. In Saxon England, the month was named 'Gerst-monath', the month of barley.

The mists are real enough, but the mellow fruitfulness appears to elude us. The basket with which we armed ourselves when we set out now seems optimistically large, as the black tide of berries creeps but slowly upward, inch by painful inch. Only the thought that eventually some kitchen witchery will transform our spoils into a row of comfortably-glowing jars on the pantry shelf sustains us in a losing battle with brambles suddenly possessed of a malevolent life of their own. Why, we wonder, does no one invent a machine to save us from this annual scarification. But machines for harvesting lie properly within the province of the farmer who needs them more and uses them to better purpose. For grain and roots and hops and fruit, we owe him thanks; and he, in turn, would acknowledge the assistance he had from his bank. This may well be the Midland, a bank well placed by long association with rural areas to meet the banking needs of all who 'live by the land'.

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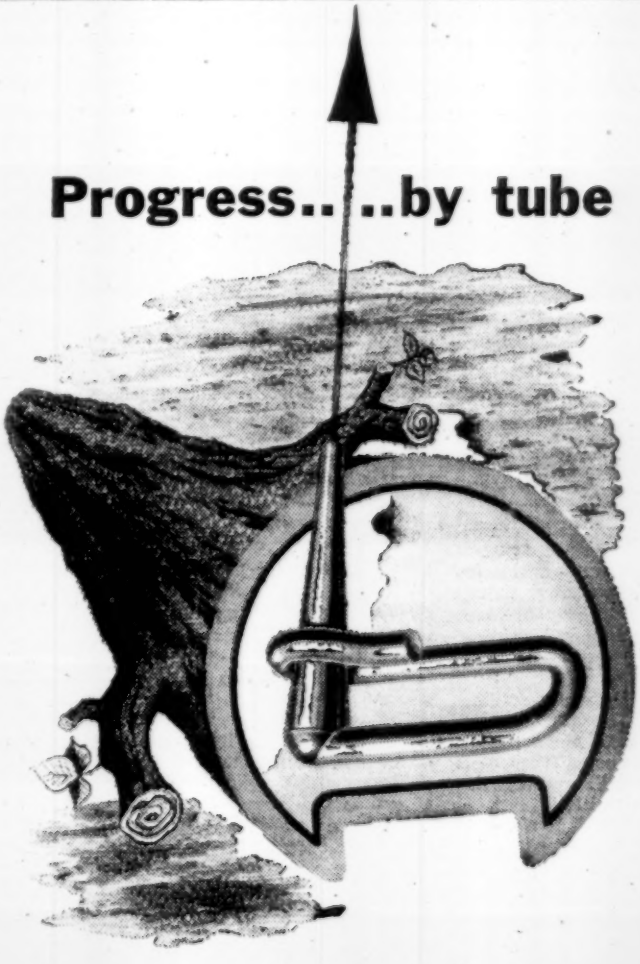

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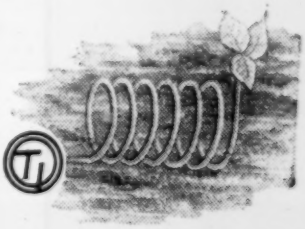

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implacable strictnesses, hatred of sex and pleasure, children treated as defective adults, and a superstitious explanation of everything – set off by a couple of Negro slaves who started the children dancing and throwing fits – brought this madness of repression to a crest. There are darkly memorable scenes of the farm carts coming over the fields and pausing over a man who ploughs on Sunday; the beginning of a witches' kitchen; the saturnalia in the woods; the trials, in which the wretched accused have to face a chorus of murderous bobby-soxers, on whose performances the whole community for many months will depend, to the ruin of all work and reason. All this is splendidly rammed home by the director, Raymond Rouleau, who makes the most in a lowering photography of prim garb and hell-fire gossip. In the triangle of jealousy Yves Montand is a frustrated husband no modern audience could resist, Simone Signoret (no fault of hers) has to freeze more than nature or Arthur Miller would allow, and Mylene Demongeot as the soiled girl turned fiend is better fiendish than angelic. If the whole film is less good than the play – as I think undoubtedly despite its community sense it is – the fault lies with Sartre.

Landscape again is the strong point of Luchino Visconti's *Senso*, translated *The Wanton Countess* (Paris-Pullman). All the feeling in this film – which is concerned with love and treachery during the liberation of Venice from the Austrians in the 1840s – has gone into Technicolor scenes of Venice early in the morning, the opera, palace rooms, a country villa, battle in the cornfields, ransacking in Verona. The story – on paper – might seem excellent; but it leaves us cold when it means to be humanly astringent. However, if you the kind of eye that can enjoy an outing on its own, here is its delight.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Correspondence

INDUSTRY AND INFLATION

SIR, – Most of us know that further increases in wages are bound to be followed by new increases in prices. The TUC in particular has recognised the danger over and over again; and it was therefore interesting to read in the report of the Gallup Poll in the *News Chronicle* on 3 September that only one trade unionist in six would be opposed to a wage freeze if profits and dividends were frozen too. It seems possible, therefore, that prices might be stabilised to a large extent if some way can be devised of dealing effectively with profits and dividends. The last Labour government was preparing to bring in temporary legislation for the limitation of dividends when it was defeated in 1951; but this would merely have delayed the distribution of dividends to shareholders. Companies were in fact setting aside special funds for later distribution in the summer of 1951. Permanent legislation for the limitation of dividends would be another matter. If the return as well as the liability of the shareholders were permanently limited by law the wage price spiral might be broken.

The Gallup Poll reported that three trade unionists out of four wanted 'controls on profits and dividends', whereas less than one in three favoured the purchase of shares by the state. 'Controls on profits and dividends' can hardly mean anything else than the permanent limitation of dividends, since it is neither possible nor desirable to try to keep profits down. The trouble is not that some companies make high profits but that these profits are distributed to shareholders many of whom, we are told in *Industry and Society*, are functionless. Meanwhile, the Labour Party's superannuation fund investments will not be 'aimed at securing control' and it will buy 'at the full market value'. If it invests on the scale implied in the report on superannuation it seems likely that it will become very difficult to avoid a 'wild inflationary scramble'. If the next Labour government buys shares on the market it will not be able to buy at a fixed price as it did in 1945 when it acquired *all* the shares in certain companies. There is bound to be some increase in share values, and such an increase is bound to stimulate wage claims and add to inflationary difficulties. *Industry and Society* says that 80 per cent. of the capital gains made as a result of capital accumulation within industry accrue to the shareholders of the 500 biggest companies. Harold Wilson has said that the party's main analysis is directed at distinguishing between the big companies and the small; but it makes no such distinction when considering the possibility of limiting dividends. And it rejects that policy for two curious reasons. It argues first that it is a policy that might be reversed by the Tories. But the Tories have themselves appealed for restraint in dividend distribution; and it would surely be very much harder for the Tories to repeal legislation when by doing so they would expose the economy to a sharp increase in inflationary pressure than it would be for them to sell shares bought by a Labour government and use the money for some politically popular project. The other argument against the limitation of dividends is that the earnings of industry are more likely to be invested unwisely if distributed to the functionless shareholders than if invested directly by the very competent people who run industry.

Industry and Society admits that there should be changes in company law; but if so why not really radical changes? Why not limit the dividends of the very big companies as permanently and irrevocably as those of the public corporations? Why not incorporate the co-operative principle of a limited return on capital in company law, as suggested by the Wood Green resolution, No 213 on the agenda of the Brighton conference? Why not extend social ownership by applying co-operative principles to industry? One advantage of this approach is that the limitation of dividends would help to stabilise costs and prices whereas bidding for shares in the market can only add to inflationary pressure. It would be useful for the Labour Party to be able to explain to the public just why its policy of extending social ownership will help to stabilise prices.

91 Gerda Road, SE9 PAUL DERRICK

SIR, – The most disquieting aspect of the proposals in *Industry and Society* surely is given away completely by the 'conclusions' advanced in support of the facile – and to me opportunistic and unprincipled – argument that the state, along with the private enterprise shareholder, should legitimately compete in the acquisition and holding of blue chip industrial equities.

This is what the authors of the plan say in justification of this *tour de force* of opportunism: –

> In the past, Socialist thinkers argued that the value of land increased steadily and automatically over the years, thus bringing to its owners a completely unearned increment. This led to proposals for the public ownership of land, or for tax measures designed to remove this unearned increment.
>
> Today it can fairly be said that many of the characteristics once ascribed to land are now possessed by the equity shares of industry.

This anology is basically false. Land attracts unearned increment in terms of the value of the national currency because of its absolute scarcity in relation to a growing population and on account of the greater diversity of uses to which an expanding and economically advancing society is putting it.

Blue chip equities, on the other hand, have been in demand – at least until the inflationary spiral gained such alarming momentum – because of their higher yield compared with the return on government loans, as well as their substantial 'earnings cover' behind the dividends actually distributed. Today, blue chip equities yield less than government stocks; they have degenerated, if you will, into a hedge against a fast depreciating pound, along with the Georgian silver, the paintings, *objets d'art*, rare stamps, and all the

other paraphernalia of a frightened capitalist society.

Surely it cannot be the task of the framers of Labour policy to follow meekly where the stock-jobbers, the actuaries, the cost accountants, and the speculators in West End sites are leading us, thereby helping to perpetuate the worst excrescences of Victorian capitalism? Rather than tacitly endorse luxury office building, site speculation and the misuse of Kuwait sterling, it must be the prime task of the Labour movement – in this time of complete intellectual bankruptcy on the part of our rulers – to hammer out and publicise an effective practical plan to arrest inflation without sacrificing full employment. Even on the opportunistic plane of winning the next general election this seems to me the better and more honest course.

ERNEST S. NAPIER

9 Abinger Road, W4

THE NEW TOWNS

SIR, – It may seem to the bureaucratic mind (surely not to yours!) to be a nice, tidy, uniform solution to have one central agency to take over all the New Towns but it creates more problems than it solves and leaves many questions unanswered.

Can there really be any doubt that it is the first of your alternatives – that of the large-scale landlord diverting New Town housing revenue surpluses to the Treasury – which is intended? A Tory government could not be trusted to 'plough back' profits (and neither, judging by the fate of the Road Fund, can any other government) and anyway, having once made the authority completely remote it would not be so difficult to transfer the towns later to private investors, as it would be from a local authority.

The only advantage to be gained by using a New town central agency would be that it would have funds of its own to play with, but it must not be forgotten that these funds would come from the rents. The New Town tenants would, over the period of the repayment of loans, have paid for the complete erection of the towns (houses, streets, lighting, parks, etc.), and a large part of the services (sewage, drains, etc.). They are now to be asked to pay, as ratepayers, for all the non-profit-making services, while the money paid in rent (surplus to housing costs) will go to start other schemes. New Town dwellers are paying enough in all conscience for the, admittedly substantial, advantages they enjoy and are surely entitled to expect the cost of new schemes to be met by the Exchequer which gains considerably from the creation of these national assets.

A brave new experiment in creating self-contained communities is to be stultified by denying the inhabitants of New Towns that voice in the management of their own affairs which could so easily have been theirs. The government is saying that the people of the New Towns (many of which are now returning Labour majorities – a significant point) are not responsible enough to run their own affairs. Surely the NEW STATESMAN does not subscribe to this view.

With the exception of selling the towns piecemeal to the private investor, the solution adopted seems to me quite the worst that could have been devised for the future of the New Towns, giving the minimum of local accountability with the maximum of uniformity. There can be only one course for the Labour Party and that is to state clearly once and for all that they will carry out the intention of the New Towns Act (1946) and place the responsibility for their control squarely upon the local authorities.

FRANCIS W. DIXON

10 Shepherds Lane
Brackneil, Berks

LOVE, MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE

SIR, – Mr Martin refers to 'the words of Christ quoted in one of the gospels that a man may not put aside his wife "save for adultery"', and says that this text is contradicted by another reported saying of Christ.

May I repeat what has often been said and unheeded, that Christ's exception (*Matt.* v, 32; xix 3) is not adultery (*moicheia*), which may mean a single instance of unfaithfulness, but harlotry (*porneia*), implying wanton repetition? It is vain to deny a formal contradiction between the qualified prohibitions in *Matthew* and the unqualified prohibitions in *Mark* (x, 2) and *Luke* (xvi, 18), *cf.* I *Corinthians* vii, 10, and some attempts to reconcile them have been over-ingenious and evasive. But it does seem to me that there would be no real contradiction if we could say of the exception in *Matthew* that it was both obvious and of comparatively rare occurrence. If one day I were to tell a learner driver: 'Never stamp on the brake', and another day: 'Never stamp on the brake, unless a child dives into the road right in front of you', there would be a formal contradiction but not a real one.

Similarly, I think, with Christ's teaching on divorce, which is at variance alike with the blank negation of the episcopal churches and with English law's 'guilt' and 'innocence' – for to guilt the Gospel's answer will ever be forgiveness. Our Lord, I think, would never approve divorce as a requital for adultery or any other wrong. But when one partner to a marriage has shown by sexual wantonness, or perhaps in any other way, that for him or her the marriage has ceased to exist – forgiveness being not refused but not sought – then it is not disobedience to Christ for the other partner to recognise the fact. If this were the point of the exception in *Matthew*, one could understand its omission from one stream of the gospel tradition as appearing self-evident.

A. D. FITTON-BROWN

University College of North Wales,
Bangor

OPPORTUNITY FOR THE AGEING

SIR, – I wish the NEW STATESMAN would take up the cause of the middle-aged people who find themselves unemployed at the present time. The true nature of Tory freedom is manifest in the plight of anybody over 50 who has the misfortune to lose his job. On all sides there is heartless indifference, and apparently the most that can be expected are a few short-term jobs from time to time. Superannuation schemes can be a curse as well as a blessing, and the unemployed man or woman only too often finds that a job for which he or she is well qualified is barred by an arbitrary age limit.

Meanwhile the memory goes back to the setting up, in 1952, of an Advisory Committee for the Employment of Older People. This at least showed that the problem existed and that the government had thoughts of doing something about it. The question of what *has* been done is, of course, a different matter. At the present time, things seem more difficult than ever for the older person, and this in spite of Tory prosperity and all the talk about there being more jobs than people to fill them. It is not a bit of good talking about 'opportunity' and 'freedom' to people who enjoy neither where employment is concerned. If anybody doubts the truth of all this, a visit to the nearest Labour Exchange will confirm what may be as easily learnt from the advertisement columns of any newspaper. The age limits that are condemning many to idleness should be the subject of a full-scale inquiry.

JOHN COLLINSON

32 Vyner Road
Wallasey

LONDON LIBRARY

SIR, – As a member of the London Library – and one who finds real difficulty in affording the present subscription – I have read with no sympathy at all your comment on the present situation. The Library is a valuable property needing more than most the protection of the services provided under the rates such as police, fire-brigade, etc. Why *should* its members expect to get these services free?

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worth incomparably more than the price of a cheap packet of cigarettes or an indifferent snack at a railway buffet. If the subscription were doubled – and payment of rates obviously cannot involve that – it would still be wonderful value, and I for one should certainly find ways and means of paying.

The lesson to be learned from the London Library rating case (as from the current difficulties in the orchestral world) is not, as you suggest, that there should be more help from local or central government (who will sooner or later demand to call the tune as well as pay the piper). It is that those of us who want libraries of this calibre and other cultural facilities which we find necessary to our way of life *must* be prepared to dig in our pockets.

JOHN MAY

19 Putney Hill, SW15

SIR,—While agreeing entirely with the view expressed in your comment on this subject, may I point out that it is not the Westminster City Council which is primarily responsible for the deplorable attack on the London Library. That council and its predecessors had for eighty years duly honoured the certificate of exemption granted to the Library under the Scientific Societies Act, 1843, and had made no demand for rates. The initiative in challenging the certificates issued to the Library and many other learned societies and accepted by the local authorities concerned came from the Inland Revenue authorities when they became responsible for preparing the valuation lists. It is therefore the central government rather than the local authorities which is responsible for this wanton attempt to disturb the *status quo*. The point is of importance because it is from the central government that we must demand the reversal of this disastrous policy. It is to be hoped that the matter will be raised in parliament as soon as the House reassembles.

F. BENTHAM STEVENS

Sussex Archæological Society *Hon. Secretary*
Lewes

MONARCHY

SIR,—Your front-page article of 10 August, relating to criticism of the Court of St. James's, is an excellent contribution, but I would like to comment on the statement concerning the Scandinavian monarchies. These certainly also require considerable adjustment and this applies no less to the presidencies of Finland and Iceland.

These small nations are forced to squander fabulous amounts directly and indirectly on the fuss and pomp and snobbery of their heads of states and/or those responsible for their activities. This has lately been borne out by two royal and one presidential visits to this country, repaying calls by the present and powerless President of Iceland on the other Scandinavian countries.

Royalty and presidents throughout the world and their advisers would do well to revise their habits in order to accommodate themselves to present-day conditions and call a halt to their medieval mannerisms.

HILMAR FOSS

Reykjavik
Iceland

SIR,—Mr Thornhill's detailed reconstruction of the untimely end of 'Poor Fred' is interesting but untenable. Gully, whether as a name or as a position in the field, is a comparatively recent introduction in the history of cricket, and was unknown to the players of that time. Murray's *Oxford Dictionary*, while defining the position of point, is silent on gully in this connection. Ranji's *Jubilee Book of Cricket*, which fully discusses the various places in the field, makes no mention of gully, or even of backward point.

But let us examine the position on the assumption that poor Fred *had* been fielding in the gully to a right-hander. If he neglected to move for a left-hander after a single, he would then be at slightly backward square leg, not at 'extra silly short fine leg'. In any case I would rather think of a royal cricketer as slightly backward than as extra silly.

LESLIE JOHNSON

Frog Cottage
Murray Road, Tunbridge Wells

LESSONS FROM THE OGRE

SIR,—In your issue of 17 August, Miss Elizabeth Coxhead deals with the problem of mountain rescue in Switzerland, and where the burden of the costs should fall. The costs are not borne by the guides, as the author assumes, but by the Swiss Alpine Club if the rescued persons cannot pay the bill. Furthermore, the rescue system is well organized: there are at disposal the helicopters of the Schweizerische Rettungs-Flugwacht and the guides, all of them being obliged to help in case of necessity. There have been some disputes after the Eiger events concerning the efficiency of the rescue work. The local Swiss guides feel that they could have done it better than the foreign rescue corps. But this is another matter.

YVO HANGARTNER

Gossau, Switzerland

REFORMATORY SCHOOLS

SIR,—I am collecting material for a history of Reformatory Schools in England during the nineteenth century and would be most grateful to hear from those of your readers who might know of any letters or documents relating particularly to Sir Joshua Jebb, KCB (1796-1863), Surveyor General of Prisons and the first Director of Convict Prisons, and the Rev Sidney Turner (1814-1879), Superintendent of the Philanthropic Society Reformatory at Redhill and the first Inspector of Reformatory Schools.

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ALVIN REDMAN

French Books Supplement

THE CHANNEL AND THE IDEA

For the sporadic reader the trip across the Channel into the French novel alerts like a change of drug. A change to more than one drug, for in their novels, as in their conversation, French writers have the accent of diagnosis and prescription. They take temperatures, boil urine and issue peculiar tablets. Are there any new prescriptions? I have run through a few new French novels lately and find only one speciality: M. Robbe-Grillet's experiments. Some critics speak of him as a major novelist. He is certainly original, but he is very difficult and hard on the Anglo-Saxon intelligence. But we expect extreme experiment in the French. I am more interested in what happens to French novelists when they lose their insularity, when they travel and absorb foreign ideas. International rather than cosmopolitan life is now the distraction; I find French discipline slackens under this influence. We saw it in the American chapters of *Les Mandarins*.

They differ from us in having the vanity of the Idea. They believe, as we know, that the subject must be defined in the abstract first. The limits being set, the French genius for simplicity can freely work. (Taine thought personal relationships were simpler and better in France than in England because of this capacity for abstract thought.) The gift of intellectual exigence slackens when the French novelist moves into a world looser, more sprawling and more powerful than his own will to define and delimit. Romain Gary's *Les Racines du Ciel* suggests this. The Idea is man's hostility to Nature. Nature is free, innocent and defenceless; it must be defended against man who, by his tyranny and cruelty to his own species, has shown himself to be inferior to the free animals. By defending Nature he may recover his dignity and liberty, for 'the roots of Heaven' are in the earth. So M. Gary moves to Africa where under the 'protection' of the Game Laws, the big game hunters are massacring the great animals. Here we find Morel, a French eccentric and Quixote who has decided to act. The elephant is the noblest of the beasts; if the elephant vanished the loss to human laughter, wonder and tenderness would be a calamity.

Morel forms his Resistance movement and takes up arms. (In a Labour Camp, during the war, he had found strength to survive by devoting himself to saving the lives of cockroaches.) But Africa is the primitive continent. The national, colonial and revolutionary movements seek to nobble Morel who has become a useful nuisance. He is firm. He is interested only in elephants. 'I have often wished to be an elephant myself,' the delightful man cries; but that sounds like a shout from the ambling Jorrocks, not a cry from the heart of the French tradition.

Now, M. Gary's Idea is made for the French genius. It has a tradition; we remember *Penguin Island*: the sharp seduction, the wit, outrage and fantasy of French satire and allegory. The subject is made for a *nouvelle*: M. Gary has written a realistic compendium of description, argument and incident diffused over 440 pages! Certainly the book is distinguished in its writing, its seriousness and its humour; but in its execution it is wasteful. He has lost, in his soft world of international relationships, the formal instinct of French culture.

We expect the French novelists, as I have said, to exhaust themselves in undismayed curiosity, to lead brilliantly equipped expeditions into *culs-de-sac*. When a novelist like Robbe-Grillet is fanatically concerned with the relations of human beings to things, when he tells us that life can be recorded in terms of seeing—meaning by that the measuring of distances between the lamp on the table and the person sitting there and by the angles of planes—we are unnerved but attentive. After I had finished *La Jalousie* I made the lucky discovery from the blurb that I had been reading an account of a jealous husband's minute supervision: I had imagined myself doing pictorial geometry. The eventless chapters were like Euclid in a dream. Glazed and timeless, this novel owes something to surrealism but without the fun; but the diagnosis is correct. Jealousy *is* the passion that magnetises and fixes images for ever like a sudden 'still' shot into a moving picture. A minor but exact discovery. I thought *Le Voyeur*, his earlier novel, more interesting. Its people stick like flies in their domestic corners. Occasionally, they furiously buzz. The central character of this novel is a maniacal pedlar of watches who comes off a day-trip boat, works out how much ground he can cover before the boat leaves in the evening, knows how many watches he must sell before he makes good, counts up the techniques he must employ. This little, blinking fetichist of enumeration, calculation and measurement appears to be collecting data for a footnote to the study of anxiety; as a novelist, the author is specialising in a severe attempt to collect all the passions of life on the cornea. In *Le Voyeur* he gets intense effects of drama and catches that giddiness we feel as time sideslips in the mind. He is, strangely enough, a story-teller. One is given fragments of peasant interiors that are as dense as, say, the kitchen of Van Gogh's potato-eaters. I doubt all the same the value of turning the techniques of painting to prose.

In the remaining books we return to the main stream. Daniel Anselme's *La Permission* is just what the title tells us – the report of a soldier's leave. Three men leave Algeria and do not understand how extraordinary the life there had been until they meet the indecisions, the weariness, the confusion of opinion in Paris, where in fact people are pursuing their ambitions regardless of the war. While Paris vacillates, the young men realise the war has already consumed their youth. They bum around from place to place, arguing, drinking, bickering with civilians. The book contains an excellent chapter describing a huge dinner with a working-class family, mainly Communists, which evokes a traditional France. This is warmly observed. This is a truthful, limited book; it is disciplined by the faculty of definition. It is exactly the portrait of the half-laughing, half-bitter, disgusted, wavering soldier who, after all, sick of Paris, is glad to get back without resentment to the one reality he knows. But the faculty of definition does depend on having something important to define. *Le Silence et la Joie*, a prim and insipid exchange of letters between two lovers about the love of man and the love of God, is merely a neat piece of moaning; *Cuir de Russie* is pertly definite on a more piquant subject: the ups and downs of *l'oiseau français* on a sexual cruise to the Crimea, a smoke-room book. The stories of Félicien Marceau who is of Belgian origin show the Idea working adroitly. They are anecdotal studies in men and women of *belle nature*, singleness of heart. They have the conventional sweetness of their Neapolitan scene.

What all these novelists lack, except possibly M. Gary, is substantial subject-matter. With him, goes Roger Vailland in *La Loi*. This powerful book is an exotic and keeps its strength because the novelist has not gone beyond the Latin world which he understands. The book is almost a piece of anthropology but is ingeniously mounted on a single dramatic thesis. *La Loi* is a game played in the taverns of southern Italy. By a throw of the dice the players elect a patron; wine is brought for him and he has the right, until the wine is drained, to insult, humiliate, question and personally outrage any of the other players. They have to accept his unbearable malice without flinching. He is filled, of course, with wine and all the mean resources of provincial espionage and innuendo. The game appears to be a primitive act of catharsis in villages which have no wealth beyond the basic hatreds and envies. By inference the game is also a charade which plays out the Southern preoccupations with pride, honour and dominance. Whose inner will is stronger: the pretty young girl's or her sister's, the gangster's or the girl he attempts to rape? When she adroitly nicks his face with his own knife she has *fait la loi* on him. Whatever happens she is now intrinsically dominant. The theme is carried into the lives of a large number of characters, for criminal, sexual or merely comic reasons of social prestige or family absurdity; *la loi* is an amoral conception cutting

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ROMAIN GARY: *Les Racines du Ciel. Gallimard.* 950 *fr.*

ALAIN ROBBE-GRILLET: *La Jalousie* and *Le Voyeur. Ed. de Minuit.* 600 *fr. each.*

JACQUES DE BOURBON BUSSET: *Le Silence et la Joie. Gallimard.* 350 *fr.*

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across good and evil. In some corner of our hearts is cowardice and one enemy or friend will find it out and use it. The man who fails in authority loses self-respect, in their primitive view of life. M. Vailland has soaked himself in a rich and violent world and he evokes it a little gaudily. He has said explicitly and as a connoisseur, what Verga could say without explanation and from the inside. He has, in the French way, systematised the instinctive and he has had the art to deploy the full general picture of *la loi* before the great climax when the younger generation of criminals make an attempt to overthrow the gangster who is too cunning for them. M. Vailland is a writer who has fed voraciously on the openness of Italian life. I can see that Italians may think his book an act of intellectual pillage.

Portrait d'un Inconnu by Nathalie Sarraute has an introduction by Sartre and owes something to *La Nausée*. It also suggests to an English reader something of Virginia Woolf without the poetic imagination. Sartre calls it an *anti-roman*, the novel that meditates upon the novel. We see the novelist trying to establish a relationship with an old miser and his daughter; but she is compulsively implicated in the story. She is not an artificial observer. The couple hold her off – perhaps knowingly – by commonplace remarks. We live in a cotton-wool of *lieux communs* and in these lie the peace, the pathos and the solidarity of human beings. But what about the other self inside? The self that is instinctive, ravenous, tortured by the desire to communicate nakedly? We are reading a novel about the devices which human beings use to maintain and yet break down their isolation. One hears that note of desperation and terror which Virginia Woolf had in *The Waves*, but in addition, that French note of impatience and disgust. The verbose gloom of *Existenz* has fallen on Mme Sarraute, but she has a ruthless and dramatic notion of the quest for reality. She has the important gift of being able to turn the tables on her characters and herself. The intellectual and the bourgeois: it is the obsessive French subject. How they have hated the *lieux communs* since Flaubert. The attitude appears now to be changing, if I read Mlle Sarraute and Sartre's introduction correctly. The *lieux communs* are now admitted to be a necessary meeting-ground, and fill very much the role of the proverb in the old popular culture. English novelists, protected by class distinction, have simply turned them into humorous devices. The agony – very well rendered – is on Mlle Sarraute's side: the bourgeois go quietly on little, or perhaps realising a little, that they have dished an intellectual. That is only fair: the French novelists are at the top of their powers when they are hounding people down. And they are clever enough to know they are hounding themselves. I have never believed that French extremity is destructive. I agree with Taine.

V. S. PRITCHETT

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Don't Drink the Water, it isn't Pure

Literary Begging on the Left Bank – One Beggar's View

OFF Rue de Rennes, behind the Café Royal, is Rue X. It's ugly and dark and it smells. Halfway down on the right is a fancy junk shop; tom-toms, canoe paddles, shark's tooth necklaces, blue beads and yellow beads, dead kings in marble, big combs, and so forth. But the proprietor went to the States leaving his girl in charge and she never unhooked the shutters after taking up with George; all the same, they used the phone a lot.

Nobody could live in the shop. The law forbade it, and the concierge, a blind half-gone, who never washed but loved her three fat yapping dogs, wouldn't hear of it. Behind the shop was a store-room: ten metres by five, concrete floor, no windows but the door had a glass fan-light. It was empty and of no fixed rent. Under the storeroom was a cellar that got flooded when the Seine came up to the Zouaves' medals on Alma Bridge, covering the floor with a grey mucus, one inch deep and alive, so we decided to grow mushrooms. The concierge said she didn't know about the store-room. George's girl bribed her and we moved in.

There were five of us, not counting the women. We had a magazine, we all wrote—four prose, one verse, the women were in charge of Art-work, and now we had lodgings: the one essential item for living on as little as possible. Before that some of us had jobs. Jasper was English Assistant at a state school, I'd been teaching at a language school. The store-room looked secure, so we quit.

Nessie Dunsmuir, now Sidney Graham's wife, put me on to the language school. It wasn't bad like Orwell's hotel kitchen, still, that lad had a taste for punishment. They paid you 200fr. an hour; talking French was forbidden. The lessons were private, like this: bells rang and you waited, standing, in a cubicle about the size of a giant's coffin for your pupil—paying near 450fr.—who, usually poor and very eager, his homework done, came promptly for your whole attention during the next 55 minutes; after five minutes' break, the common-room two minutes away with a picture of James Joyce—famous ex-teacher—on the wall but only one lavatory, the bells rang again and you did your fourth hour of it. Sometimes new pupils would ask about the little red box on the wall. But you couldn't tell 'em it was a microphone for the Inspector to listen in, making sure you spoke no French, because they didn't speak English yet; when they did it was too late.

You see, the language school kept a monopoly over newcomers who must work in order to stay. Work-cards are only given to those doing jobs for which Frenchmen are ineligible. The school says you can only teach your mother-tongue. Also, government students get cut rates. They had it made.

* * *

Having secured your lodgings food comes next. This is less difficult. Somebody always has coffee; at lunchtime with five francs worth of bread you can often find a recipient of the GI Bill to fill it with cheese or ham. Provided you understand how Western freedom assures a writer, counting sales after standards, seven to ten years' bad diet, you'll last; but if you're the sort of trouble-maker who estimates the abasement of a man's soul by the angle of his body, in the evening you'll have to eat in John's off Place Odéon. The meat is all horse; however, you can fill up on bread and mustard while waiting. Jasper – he used to be a swimming champion – ate two whole basketfuls each Friday to weather the weekend; we had to smile hard and move places for this. When I couldn't swallow my horse, he'd eat that too—until we met Susie and Amy.

As the native girls of Britain fill art or drama schools between eighteen and marriage, so their American counterparts with richer and more generous fathers come for a year to Paris, France. On the average they get $200.00 a month; two can manage very nicely on that. Susie and Amy had troubles. Their parents had fixed them up, first class, at a clip-hostel for young ladies in Montparnasse. First night out they picked up a GI who insisted on entering the Hall and vomited all over the floor. The Principal phoned home and the girls were to leave for New York next week, unless they could find an apartment and a responsible landlady chaperone to convince, by letter, the family. Did we know one?

Indeed we did. Jasper had just dissolved his union with a Canadian painter. Obviously, two serious people cannot live in the same house, they said. What's more the painter was off to Tangier 'for a rest'. While Jasper fetched the luggage I wrote the necessary letters and the girls moved in. 20,000 francs a month, two big rooms, bath, use of kitchen, not bad, eh? For a whole year our diet, eked out by enormous food parcels from the Mid-West, allowed us to entertain *and* publish the magazine. Tension in the cellar decreased. Several books got written.

* * *

Somehow 450,000 francs had to be found each quarter. French printers double the rate for foreign languages. We needed more money to continue. It was winter and in addition to occupational hazards like suicides to be rescued and young ladies aborted, we had Brendan Behan using the cellar between bouts. Then we got our historic idea.

We had published Beckett, but he didn't sell till the *Sunday Times* reviewer got wind of his genius; what if we published De Sade, unexpurgated, in English, cheap edition, illustrated . . . . Obviously, *The Bedroom Philosophers* was the book. A had just finished translating it; beautifully done, good eighteenth-century prose, imaginative scatology. We printed subscription-forms and prepared for long Spring holidays. A, who has a developed sense of responsibility, decided that all involved must know the infernal contents of the book. So, one night we all gathered in the cellar to hear him read aloud. About ten of us were admiring the salacious punishment conferred on a mother by the daughter she had come to rescue, when there was a great knocking on the door.

Who could it be but the Police? The State Department had flooded the Quarter with spies. None of us had identity cards. Sade was banned even in Paris. We composed ourselves, hid the MSS, and opened up. A finely dressed, good-looking man, no more than thirty, came in and asked if he could sit down. We made room for him among the women. Everybody has to make sacrifices. He knew what we were doing and asked if we understood the risks or had the money. Avoiding the first we answered the second question truthfully, no. Then your project is impossible? Well, yes. But he had an alternative, bigger and better, much riskier, of course; naturally there were more profits. Why, even the magazine could be financed.

So for an hour he talked about a publishing firm he proposed to found. He required books, good books mind you – nothing cruel like the Marquis, gentle books to charm the huge celibate armies of the West, soft books. No high-flown rubbish, mark you, no social realism, and no middle-class agonies, just books.

Of course we agreed. Within three months he had ten books. We needed the money.

* * *

Then to come home and find Luckies Jim and Porter riding the Chelsea tiger. Comrades, very confidentially, I ask you . . . .

CHRISTOPHER LOGUE

French Monthlies

How far is a civilisation reflected in its magazines? In England it would probably be true to say that over a given period the picture which emerges from the monthlies would be moderately complete and future historians could usefully refer to them in retrospect as guides to trends or tendencies. In contemporary France the picture given is more immediate. There the monthly is a platform, an instrument for creating ideas, ideologies and movements as well as for recording them. Since the war nearly all French intellectuals have been obsessed with politics, a race of theoreticians grappling with their world, haunted by the central problem of Communism, assuming, defending or attacking a 'line' or a *prise de position*, and the natural medium for expressing this preoccupation is not a specifically political journal but the monthly magazine. Until the founding of the two left-wing weeklies *l'Observateur* and *l'Express* (consciously modelled on the *New Statesman* for lack of a local precedent for this type of journal) the monthlies were the only forum open to the intellectual. Now, although the two weeklies are essential reading for anyone wishing to follow the French scene closely, the monthlies retain their importance as being the only place with enough space for the writer to

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COLLINS

develop his ideas. The French monthly is a weighty affair, nearly twice the size of any comparable English publication, with no conventions governing the scope or nature of a 'magazine article'. If a piece is long it either simply occupies a great part of the magazine or is serialised indefinitely. Not all the book reviews are lengthy but they are often of a size and thoroughness which recall our Quarterlies: people are apt to refer to a full-length study as we do to a review. Given the length and density of these monthlies it is astounding how many Frenchmen seem to have read each issue. Either they really read more than other nations or, like a clever scholarship pupil, they manage by some curious process of osmosis to absorb the contents of these packed volumes. This alone is one testimony to French intellectual vitality, the proliferation of magazines is another, and their expense (four shillings is the minimum price) is proof that the French are prepared to spend money on the written word.

Since the war there has been a multitude of magazines but today they are dominated by four: *Les Temps Modernes*, *Les Lettres Nouvelles*, *Critique* and *La Nouvelle N.R.F.*

Les Temps Modernes was founded by Sartre soon after the Liberation and still reflects that period: articles on *Existentialisme et Marxisme*, *Réforme et Révolution* abound. It began in the years when the Third Force seemed a real hope, when Sartre's work was, in many ways, the most exciting feature of French intellectual life, when the theoretician and the professor reigned over the literary scene. Liberated from the schoolroom, the *universitaire* attacked the world with a gusto which had a certain naivety – although none of the directing minds could be called intellectually naive. The results were often invigorating; along with the articles on economics or literature was developed a series of *Documents* or *Témoignages*, true-life stories whose facts are sufficiently strange or moving to give the feeling of a vast searchlight being trained on to a hidden corner of life. A less happy result was Sartre's view of the arts as a department of political philosophy, resulting in the dubious notion of *la littérature engagée*.

Inevitably writers reacted against this formula. Baudelaire, they argued, was surely something more than a perpetual adolescent refusing to assume his existential choice. Inevitably their resentment found expression in a new magazine, *Les Lettres Nouvelles*, started five years ago by Maurice Nadeau, largely to save literature for literary criticism. Inevitably too, *Les Lettres Nouvelles* reflected not only this tendency but all the preoccupations of its writers. As the Third Force vanished and Sartre resolved his political dilemma in almost total loyalty to Moscow, *Les Lettres Nouvelles* became the platform for a more liberal discussion of Communism, an outlet for the worried, the dissenting, the undogmatic. Now, the *Temps Modernes* editorials are straight descriptions of Sartre's political position while the *Lettres Nouvelles* reflects the full range of non-Communist Left thinking. In other ways the difference between the magazines is more difficult to define. While certain articles (*e.g.*, on American agricultural policy) could only appear in the *Temps Modernes*, some features (articles on Algeria, say, or anthropology) could appear in either. But Nadeau has remained faithful to his original inspiration and has succeeded at the same time in creating a distinctive type of article which probably found its best expression in the work of a young critic, Roland Barthes, who for some time wrote a regular monthly feature, *Petite Mythologie du Mois*, an astonishing series in which he commented on contemporary phenomena (anything from the Music Hall to Minou Drouet) with an approach and a style which mark a fine critical imagination.

La Nouvelle N.R.F., edited by Paulhan, most nearly corresponds to the conventional idea of a literary magazine. With little contemporary comment, its feet firmly rooted in *la littérature non-engagée*, an eye geared to the past, it exudes an atmosphere almost of refinement when compared to the others. It has a tendency to devote space for several months running to the same writer: Kafka, Proust and Artaud have been favourites, although it cultivates and publishes pieces by young writers. For many, its greatest excitement is the regular contribution by Maurice Blanchot, the most original, difficult and respected critic in France. Praise from Blanchot is the contemporary writer's highest award, and although he only discusses a few works in a year it is essential, if one is interested in following the career of a particular book, to see if he mentions it.

Critique, with Georges Bataille as its editor, is unlike the other magazines. It consists entirely of book reviews and has no editorial comment or policy other than the preservation of a high standard. Books on every subject, in every language, are discussed, generally by an acknowledged expert, although young critics sometimes make their debut in this formidable arena and, from time to time, there are splendid diversions such as the analysis by Alexandre Kojev (France's leading Hegelian) of the sexuality of Francoise Sagan's heroines. *Critique's* great singularity lies in its range and the opportunity it gives its writers, notably Bataille himself, of reassessing their views on any particular subject.

SONIA ORWELL

War Against Reason

Lieutenant en Algérie. By JEAN-JACQUES SERVAN-SCHREIBER. *Julliard.* 690 *fr.*

Le Socialisme Trahi. By ANDRÉ PHILIP. *Plon.* 600 *fr.*

La Tragédie Algérienne. By RAYMOND ARON. *Plon.* 300 *fr.*

The influence of intelligence on events is never more than marginal. Britain, despite her record in India, Burma and elsewhere, should be wary of criticising French policy in Algeria; the fact is we have never been confronted with a colonial problem of this magnitude. Admittedly, on the face of it, the attitudes of successive French governments are hard to justify, even on grounds of brief expediency. The revolt began at the end of 1954, and a year later it was already apparent that a solution could not be reached by force. An election was fought on this issue, and the Republican Front, which favoured negotiations, won a clear victory. But when its leader, M. Mollet, visited Algeria after the elections, he immediately repudiated his promises. He and his successor instead insisted on the so-called 'triptych' policy – a cease-fire, followed by elections, followed by negotiations. Since the rebels will not accept a cease-fire without a specific recognition of 'the fact of Algerian sovereignty', thus anticipating the negotiations, and since France cannot force them to accept it unconditionally, the war has reached a political and military stalemate.

The war has impoverished France, both morally and financially. Yet peace might be equally perilous. Nobody doubts that negotiations would eventually lead to the creation of an independent Arab state, and that in consequence most of

Algeria's million and a half white inhabitants would be forced to leave. Could the Republic, already weakened by the struggle, survive the shock both of the political battle required to make and enforce such a decision, and the return of a million Frenchmen embittered by betrayal? The war goes on because nobody dares to put such a question to the test.

Intelligence has failed to devise a third alternative. These three books are essays in intellectual impotence. M. Philip, analysing the Mollet capitulation, rightly lays the blame on French Socialism. As he says, it has degenerated from a political philosophy to a pragmatic instrument designed to protect *les petits* against *les gros*. Mollet campaigned for negotiations on the assumption that the Algerians were *les petits* and the settlers *les gros;* but once in power he found that those in Algeria most violently opposed to peace were the white workers, *fonctionnaires* and small shopkeepers – men who in France would probably vote Socialist. His atrophied Socialism proved an inadequate guide in this conflict of loyalties, and he fell back on instinctive nationalism. M. Philip argues that genuine Socialism could provide an answer, based on a recognition by both sections of Algeria of each other's rights, leading logically to a federal constitution. But this is not the sort of solution which can be imposed by a political decision in Paris; it must evolve naturally, from a change of attitude among the protagonists. Unfortunately, as M. Servan-Schreiber's account of his six months with the French forces shows, the mechanics of the war are inexorably widening the gap between the two communities, and attempts to bridge it have acquired a treasonable flavour. The moral of his book is that the scientific humanism in which he believes is powerless against the collective psychology of a civil war fought on racial lines.

Nor have M. Aron's arguments, based on enlightened national self-interest, proved any more convincing. It is perfectly true, as he points out, that Algeria, far from being a source of strength to France, is a costly drain on her resources. The closed market it provides for French manufactures has contributed to the arteriosclerosis of the economy. It already absorbs a disproportionate share of French investment, and if France contrived to remain in Algeria, she would be forced to justify her position by pouring yet more capital into what, for purely demographic reasons, is a bottomless pit. Far better, as M. Aron says, to give Algeria her independence now, and devote the money spent on the war to the resettlement of the *colons* who are unwilling or unable to remain, than to consent unwillingly in a few years' time to a surrender induced by exhaustion.

True enough; but French business has known this for a long time, and it has signally failed to throw its weight against the war. Colonial wars are fought for prestige, not profit. Certainly, a nation will not pay beyond a certain price even for prestige; but the upper limit is determined by a complex psychological stock exchange whose workings are difficult to analyse. A politician can influence parts of the mechanism, but he cannot reverse the findings of the entire market. For the moment, France prefers a costly stalemate in Algeria to a prudent capitulation. In due course, no doubt, the mood will change and then, as in Indo-China, the war will be wound up with remarkably little fuss and in record time. Afterwards, everyone will wonder why the step was not taken before, and eventually, historians will find – or will think they have found – the reason. These books, intelligent and humane though they are, are unlikely to help them much.

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The Three Musketeers

Les Trois Dumas. By ANDRÉ MAUROIS. *Hachette.* 990 *fr.*

M. Maurois is steadily exploring the French literary world of the nineteenth century in an impressive series of biographies. After the towering figure of Victor Hugo in *Olympio* and the passionate loves of George Sand in *Lélia,* Dumas *père et fils* may strike his English friends as remarkably small beer – we were anticipating Balzac – but they will probably be pleasantly surprised by more intimate acquaintance with these two not-so-eminent Romantics. Our previous paltry knowledge hardly extended beyond *Monte-Cristo, The Three Musketeers,* and *La Dame aux Camélias,* and a vague notion that there was black blood somewhere in the family. M. Maurois now removes all excuse for further ignorance, painting full-length portraits of both men in 460 erudite and informative pages. The third Dumas, introduced in the first chapter to complete the family history, is the *grand-père,* who was one of Napoleon's generals. This unexpurgated account covering three generations could hardly have been published much sooner, as the widow of Dumas *fils* did not die before 1934, while his youngest daughter survived until 1943.

In expounding the Dumas character – for the three men were in many ways alike – M. Maurois attaches great significance to the Negro element in their heredity: and genetically he is on safe ground. Hybrid vigour is a phenomenon well-known to botanists; and stockbreeders appreciate the value of a judicious first-cross. In the Dumas case the first-cross came with the General, a huge mulatto of enormous strength (he could lift five muskets by the muzzle with the fingers of one hand) and Homeric courage (he held the bridge at Brixen single-handed against a host of Austrians and was hailed by the foe as *le diable noir* and by Napoleon as Horatius Cocles): his mother was a Negro slave in St Domingo owned by his father, a French marquis engaged in sugar-planting. Alexandre Dumas *père,* the General's only son by marriage with a French innkeeper's daughter, was a quadroon, with negroid hair but blue eyes, who inherited his father's size and courage, and added prodigious creative vitality, amounting to genius in the opinion of Victor Hugo: his collected works fill 301 volumes and he laid claim 'without exaggeration' to five hundred bastard children. In the third generation the hybrid vigour, if that is what it was, waned. With Alexandre *fils,* the octaroon illegitimate son of a Parisian seamstress, the frame was still large, the hair crinkly and the dynamic energy impressive, but the genius had dwindled to talent. '*Autant de talent qu'on en peut avoir*' Victor Hugo pronounced, '*mais rien que le talent*'.

M. Maurois does not hesitate to acclaim Dumas *père* as '*le plus grand conteur de tous temps et de tous pays*'. And if sheer quantity of invention and facility of composition are in question, the judgment must be valid. Moreover, he brought unbounded joy to millions. We may have lost our palate for melodrama today, but at the height of his romantic epoch, Dumas' novels were read throughout the world, with the same intense delight in the fantastic as inspired the writer. 'How did your father manage never to write a boring line?' someone asked the *fils.* 'Because it would have bored him to do so' came the reply The *père* himself could never be bored in any circumstances. He arrived in Paris as an ignorant youth with two gold *louis* in his pocket and nothing but his copper-plate handwriting to recommend him. By the age of twenty-seven he was already a famous playwright; a friendly rival of Victor Hugo, and a champion of the Romantic Movement. After that the world was at his feet, and he never stopped treating it like a football and shooting goal after goal. He dashed off plays, he built theatres, he ran newspapers, he wrote novels – he found himself a perfect assistant in Auguste Maquet who provided the skeleton plots to which he could apply the opulent flesh – he kept a menagerie; he had all the women he wanted; he captured the town of Soissons single-handed in 1830 and the town of Naples along with Garibaldi in 1860; he almost fought in the battle of Waterloo – he knew so much more about it than those who had; he erected a palace called Monte-Cristo, then immediately decamped from it; he made immense sums of money and spent them; he defrauded creditors – 153 of them – and got away with it. And he closed his life, as melodramatically as the last act of one of his own plays, in poverty, with two gold *louis* by his bedside.

Dumas *père* gloried in his disordered existence. He never worried about money, and his interest in women was concerned with physical gratification alone. He kept his harem of mistresses going out of sheer humanity. 'If I confined myself to one woman', he liked to say, 'I should kill her within a week'. His son was less happily constructed. Dumas *fils* inherited his father's susceptibility to feminine attraction but became sadly distracted by the pangs of love. After his youthful abortive affair with his *Dame aux Camélias* – he was only twenty-one when he left Marie Duplessis because he could not afford to keep her in the splendour to which she was accustomed, and two years later wrote his famous novel in an ecstasy of regret at her death – he fell desperately in love with his *Dame aux Perles,* a Russian Countess (who deserted him) and then transferred his passion to another Russian, Princess Naryshkin, whom he eventually married after her husband's death. There was one illegitimate daughter of this union and one legitimate, but the marriage was not a success. For a romantic character like Dumas *fils* it is easier to be in love than to share a home. *Dames aux Camélias* are always more satisfactory to men dead than alive.

M. Maurois thinks that it was Countess Nesselrode's heartless betrayal that embittered the young Dumas against the monstrous regiment of women. In his later plays he certainly never tired of castigating their prostitutional proclivity and adulterous habits. But his case is not singular. No egotist can ever forgive the humiliation of vanity and the wound to integrity involved by falling in love. If it was not the Russian countess who proved her sex to be incorrigibly fickle, hopelessly frigid, and utterly unworthy of a good man's love, it would have been the next loved one on the list.

No summary review can do justice to the work involved in this book. Any prolific writer bequeaths his biographer the prodigious task of sifting through the written evidence of his career – and M. Maurois has tackled two at once. But there is no better hand in the world at reducing chaos to order and eliciting a significant pattern from the most heterogeneous materials. For the life of Dumas *fils* he has had the added labour, and advantage, of study in stacks of previously unpublished material. One can only bow with respect before such professional mastery. In threading the three Dumas generations together, however, for artistic purposes, he cannot resist the thesis of a family inferiority complex, due to their Negro heredity and recurrent bastardy, to account for their defiance of conventions; and he suggests that they appointed themselves crusaders against injustice as '*redresseurs de torts*', a sort of Three Musketeers. For once, M. Maurois with the best of intentions exceeds the prescribed limits of his art: *Je ne propose rien; je n'impose rien; j'expose.* Dumas *fils* was indeed teased as a boy for being a bastard; the General may have resented Napoleon referring to him as *l'homme de couleur;* but Dumas *père* might pardonably protest, *plus bruyant que jamais,* at finding himself exposed as a deprived person. And now for Balzac!

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Diderot: The Testing Years. By ARTHUR M WILSON. *Oxford.* 63*s.*

Diderot: Salons. Volume I: 1759-1761-1763. Edited by JEAN SEZNEC and JEAN ADHÉMAR. *Oxford.* £6 6*s.*

Voltaire, not Diderot, is the universal name, but we have only to compare the features of the two men to see which we would rather have known. Houdin's bust of Diderot is reproduced as a frontispiece to Dr Wilson's book, and of course Houdin had the gift, among others, of conferring the grace of good company; but look at that Roman head, all chiselled, sensitive, intelligent and benign. It makes better contemplating than the Voltairean sneer, although our more earnest contemporaries may miss the absence of *angoisse.* No, you cannot turn Diderot into an *angoissé;* he is all sweetness and reason and light, all curiosity and charm, with passion spontaneous yet controlled. There is no opposition between virtue and pleasure; both are insistently extolled. He is the best of his century – *avant le déluge.*

Dr Wilson's study – the first half of a long,

definitive biography, taking us up to the suppression of the *Encyclopédie* – puts the critic in a difficulty. It is patient and painstaking, scholarly and solid, deliberate and dull. Written for Americans, it assumes an almost total ignorance of the French language, and the seductive intonations of Diderot's style are never allowed to reach us. We are made to understand why he was important (but then importance can be a dreadful bore)—never why he had charm. 'At its best', says Dr Wilson, Diderot's writing 'has a sublime impetuosity and, at its worst, its possesses characteristics of the impromptu and the impoverished.' There is a warning clumsiness about 'possesses characteristics'. The man had infinite modulations. In brief Dr Wilson is to be thanked for telling us a great deal that we needed to know, but we would rather have been told it by Lytton Strachey or, say, Sir Harold Nicolson. Diderot was, in the largest sense of the word, a critic—and in writing of him the spirit of criticism is quite as necessary as the stamina of research. It is only too easy to resist Dr Wilson – his pages are weighted with the well-endowed labour of sabbatical years – but his perseverance is admirable, and so we, too, should persevere.

Professor Seznec's edition of the *Salons* is altogether more high-spirited than one has the right to expect from a book which costs six guineas. It is a monument of scholarship and a masterpiece of taste. Professor Seznec, who holds the Marshal Foch chair of French literature at All Souls, probably knows more about Diderot than any man alive, and I cannot help wishing that he had written Dr Wilson's book as well as his own. Certainly we learn more about Diderot from his short introduction to the *Salons* than we do from all Dr Wilson's accumulated facts – more about the man himself, more about the empirical quality of his mind. Nothing could be less didactic, or more impromptu, than these reflections on the biennial *Salons*, communicated in a style elegantly unbuttoned to his friend Baron Grimm. Sometimes Grimm will contradict him, occasionally he will contradict himself. For Diderot knows the difficulty of art criticism, even of criticism so personal and unpretentious as this. He knows that it takes time to learn to appreciate a picture, longer than it takes to appreciate a poem. For a poem can be learnt, line by line; it has the logic of thought, sensation and image. But the effects of a picture are simultaneous; it must be seized as a whole before it is analysed into its component parts. Colour and form, detail and design, must be grasped in unison before they can be separately discussed. And the best way to understand pictures – Diderot is always so practical – is to visit a gallery with an artist and get him to explain how the thing is done.

Dr Wilson is surely right in accusing Diderot of a certain complacency, but this complacency was moral, not intellectual. You notice a certain conscious rectitude, a Roman rectitude, in the Houdin bust. But where taste was in question, Diderot was ready to admit that he was a 'squad of contradictions'. He started out with a hierarchy of *genres* firmly planted in his mind. The portrait belonged to a higher *genre* than the still life, and an historical picture, given an equal quality of execution, was superior to a landscape. This seems to us very academic, and Chardin would teach him the heroic element which resided in humble objects. Cézanne taught us all the same lesson more than a century later. Diderot discovered that technique had its own sublimity, and it was Chardin, the supreme technician, who explained to him that the great artist *ne peint pas avec des couleurs, mais avec le sentiment*. Diderot shared in full measure the sentiment of his century, but the word hardly covers the eroticism

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of *La Religieuse* or *Les Bijoux Indiscrets*. His eroticism was spontaneous and quite unashamed, and he was always prepared to admit that he liked a picture because it described a scene of gallantry which appealed to him.

Dr Wilson has disappointingly little to tell us about Diderot's liaison with Sophie Volland. His letters to her give a casual, yet singularly complete, picture of social life in France during the middle years of the eighteenth century. Delicate and ardent, frank and chivalrous, discursive and amusing, they have provoked a mass of higher criticism in which a tribe of *agrégés* have attempted to decide whether Sophie allowed Diderot what Dr Wilson quaintly describes as the 'ultimate liberties'. I fancy that Professor Seznec would agree that the question answers itself. The reader has only to compare Diderot with Boswell to appreciate the distinction between pleasure and promiscuity. The former was, on the whole, a good man – though he was not, perhaps, quite so good as he imagined.

When a man is taken as the type of his century, it is interesting to see in what way he transcended it, and in what way he prepared, or prefigured, the changes which were germinating under the crust of the *ancien régime*. His response to painting gives us a partial answer. He was too frank a sensualist not to enjoy Boucher, but he could admit that Boucher had everything in him except truth. Indeed as a whole these Salons were not inspiring; except for Chardin and La Tour, French painting had fallen into the doldrums from which David and Delacroix would presently rescue it. Diderot admired David, for there was in him a latent republicanism, as there was certainly a latent romanticism, which enabled him to feel his way into step with movements and methods yet unborn. More remarkable, as Professor Seznec points out, was his anticipation of Delacroix. Both men posed the problem of colour in the same terms, Diderot fetching his examples from Chardin, Delacroix from Rembrandt and Rubens. '*Diderot le littérateur*,' writes Professor Seznec, '*s'est rencontré avec le plus beau génie pictural du siècle suivant*.' In fact Diderot was the precursor of all those men of letters who have told us so much about painting. Baudelaire, writing on the Salons of 1845 and 1846, deliberately took Diderot for his model and claimed to detect in these vibrant notes, now republished with photographs of the pictures they describe, the accents of a modern mind.

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ELEK BOOKS

The New China

La Longue Marche. By SIMONE DE BEAUVOIR. *Gallimard.* 1,000 *fr.*

Whatever one's feelings about the Communist regime in China, one cannot but admit that many of its policies have a certain inevitability about them. Any regime which set out to raise the Chinese from the slough of poverty, ignorance and disorder in which they were sunk would have had to adopt them. A desperately poor country, rich in natural resources but lacking the power to exploit them, her vast population increasing remorselessly by 2 per cent. a year, her crowded countryside gardened by hand, in little plots, by a peasantry living on the brink of starvation, forever battling against famine, drought and flood – such a country could only increase its prosperity by rationalising its basic industry, farming, in order to accumulate capital for investing in heavy industry. The process of enrichment then becomes circular. Industry improves agriculture and makes possible the opening of new lands and the exploitation of natural resources. And this in turn provides a further surplus for industrial development.

The land reform movement which gave land to the tiller and freed the peasant from the burden of debt was not enough. Such reforms are age old in China, and make little difference in the long run to the incurable miseries of the peasant. A single famine, and the peasants are selling their land, and soon the situation has reverted to its tragic normal. The Communists realised that it would be twelve years before they had industrialised sufficiently to influence agriculture to any extent and so, though they had prudently restrained the movement towards collectivisation in the face of peasant opposition in 1953, they pressed forward with it in 1955 when they found peasants again becoming indebted and selling or letting their land.

As to the means, which are always a stumbling-block to the would-be sympathetic non-Communist, the Chinese government were faced with a largely illiterate peasantry, conservative, superstitious and scared of change, and an almost total lack of the legal and administrative machinery and personnel without which liberal government is impossible. They had to rely on immense movements and campaigns – great national dramas in which everyone is forced to participate by a tidal motion set going from above, in which injustices may occur and can only be checked by yet another movement directed against the abuses of the last one.

This is not the only theme of Mlle de Beauvoir's book; but her sympathetic appraisal of this situation is a key to the attitude which inspires it. This is a very long book – nearly 500 pages – and it is, for all its faults, quite the most important account of New China that I have yet seen. It would be totally out of place to make the customary joke about the journalist who writes a 500-page book after spending only six weeks in the country (the extent of this writer's stay). Mlle de Beauvoir is a writer of distinction and a woman of great intelligence. Not content with her experiences in China, which she visited in response to the challenge issued by Chou En-lai at the Bandung Conference – 'Come and see' – she read avidly and widely everything that she could lay her hands on about China, and this is the remarkable result.

The Long March of the title refers not to the epic wanderings of the Red Army before the war, but to the equally arduous journey of the Chinese people towards a better future. The author has no illusions about the faults which exist today. She does, it is true, take a good many swipes at '*les anticommunistes*' – Guillain, Gosset, Etiemble, etc. – but anyone who has read only the first 200 or so pages would be mistaken in thinking that she is an unqualified 'pro'. Later on she pours bitter scorn on that '*bienveillance a priori*' which so misunderstands what the Chinese are up to as to acclaim all for the best in the best of possible Chinas. A Chinese village is *not* more comfortable than a French one. The Chinese woman is *not* yet the most emancipated in the world. But by and large things are very much better than they were, and they will become much better still.

I do not find this optimism naive. In criticising the illiberalism of the regime (which is, nevertheless, a good deal more empirical and moderate in its methods than any of the other Communist parties), we are, I think, apt to forget that in stamping out illiteracy and giving political indoctrination to the Chinese masses, their rulers are laying up rods in pickle for themselves and bringing to birth a politically conscious proletariat of the future.

It is sad, of course, that some of her optimism should have proved premature. After the daily thunderings of the Chinese Press during the last few weeks against right-wing reaction and poisonous weeds, one reads with a bilious eye about the 'great improvement already noticeable in 1956' when the leaders of the Eighth Congress of the Communist Party pointed ahead to a new era of liberalism.

Only the first and last parts of the book are travelogue. The intervening chapters are on a variety of topics – the Family, Industry, Culture and so on – in which a study of the present situation, salted with the author's observations, is in each case preceded by a startlingly well-informed historical survey. The vision is always fresh and interesting – often surprising. Mlle de Beauvoir is unimpressed by the Forbidden City and the Temple of Heaven (extraordinary!). She has no patience with Folk Art. Her account of the great pre-war writer Lu Hsün is extraordinarily penetrating and sympathetic for one who knows no Chinese. She gives a good straight account of the Hu Feng *affaire* and the dreary fuss about the *Red Chamber Dream*. It is on culture – where there are fewer tonnages and percentages – that I find her most stimulating.

There is one grievous flaw in this excellent book. Having allowed herself at the outset (like Lawrence) a certain latitude in the spelling of foreign names, she leaves herself and her publisher without any means of checking errors. In the ensuing riot of variant forms, names sometimes become quite unrecognisable. I hope that in another edition something will be done to amend this.

DAVID HAWKES

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Pierrepoint's Apologist

DOES Bentham bore you? Are you tired of praising John Stuart Mill's sweet reasonableness? The bonfire at the bottom of your garden – is it autumn leaves or Fabian tracts? That set of H. G. Wells you sold to the vicar has left a nasty gap on the shelves. Where are Rousseau, Paine, Jefferson, Cobbett, Henry George, Kropotkin – where have all the old familiar meliorist faces got to? And what have you done with your Left Book Club Choices, that rose-red literary arsenal as old as the Spanish bullet self-addressed (but, fortunately, not delivered) to Mr Stephen Spender? Have you scuttled that welter of tragedies, testaments, spotlights and inquests? I think I can just see them, wet-lipped, round-eyed and reproachful, peeping from behind Mr Utley's defence of Suez and the bound series of *Encounter*. *Si monumentum requiris . . .*

For the liberal man of good feeling who fears that the *Zeitgeist* is against him and is in need of re-energising, here is an infallible recipe: let him read the works of Count Joseph-Marie de Maistre, preferably in M. Cioran's concentrated and subtly intensified volume of selections.*

De Maistre is the prince of reactionaries and his writings are the pure milk of Ultradom. The prophet of the counter-Revolution, spiritual godfather to the nobles and Jesuits in *Le Rouge et le Noir*, who plotted to destroy Paris, the Modern Babylon, 'with her newspapers and her drawing-rooms', he is the dynamic quietist of all time, a pamphleteer of genius who preached a gospel of resignation and despair with the tireless energy of Lenin and a wit worthy of Voltaire. For thirteen years, in his lonely exile on the Neva – *'ce belvédère trop lointain,'* as Sainte-Beuve put it – this frigid, impoverished Sardinian diplomat urged submission to the theocratic *status quo*. Frugal, ascetic almost, he contrived to read Pindar and to indite his inimitable and fruitless despatches while the smoke and bayonets of Napoleon's army rolled to and fro across Europe. In his leisure he composed his *Soirées de Saint-Pétersbourg*, that extraordinary amalgam of visionary misanthropy, in which Pierrepoint and the Papacy, the Will of God and the tools of the executioner, cancer and revolution, are so outrageously – one might almost say so blasphemously – commingled.

A classicist, a lawyer and a freemason, de Maistre began life in a backwater of placid certainties and suppositions. ('He never', writes Mr Edmund Wilson, 'allowed himself to read any book without first writing home for permission to his parents'.) In more halcyon, far-off days of his adolescence only Montesquieu seemed to be rocking the boat. The young man's early writings show him as little more than a good Latinist and an amiable jurisconsult, studious, *bien pensant*, devoted to duty, deeply attached to the Sardinian royal house. There is a hint of the Savoyard vicar about his bonhomous eulogies of Victor Amadeus III.

The Revolution changed all that. In 1792 the French invaded Savoy and set up a quisling revolutionary government. De Maistre, with the clergy and the rest of the local nobility, was proscribed and his property confiscated. His long life of exile and genteel poverty – in Lausanne, Venice and St. Petersburg – had begun. History turned the model Savoyard senator into a caustic, fixated émigré, clinging fast to throne and altar in a crumbling world, hag-ridden with the spectre of the mob. Like all literary émigrés – like Herzen in the nineteenth century and Mr Koestler in our own – de Maistre projected the image of his own disinheritance on the screen of his age. He had *felt* the Revolution at Chambéry and out of his personal trauma he fashioned a system, a scheme of universal despondency, outrageous, daring, prophetic, and inflexible, a mixture of pseudo-theology and political mania, in which the great social evils of history – plague, famine, revolution, war – all played their part in the divine economy, the Creator's cleansing chastisements for sin, *'Le Bourreau,'* the executioner, is God's chosen instrument, the earthly symbol of the providential order that upholds the world.

> A sombre signal is given: an abject minister of justice comes to knock at his [the executioner's] door and let him know that he is needed. He sets out; he arrives at the public square, which is crowded with an eager excited throng. A prisoner or a murderer or a blasphemer is given over to him. He seizes him and stretches and ties him on a horizontal cross; he lifts his arm and a horrible silence falls. Nothing is heard but the cry of the bones cracking under the heavy rod and the howlings of the victim. Then he unties him and carries him to the wheel; the shattered limbs get twisted in the spokes; the head hangs; the hair stands out; and from the mouth, gaping open like a stove, come only now a few bloody words which at intervals beg for death. Now the executioner has finished; his heart beats, but it is for joy; he applauds himself, he says in his heart: 'Nobody is better at the wheel than I!' He comes down and holds out his blood-stained hand, and the Law throws into it from a distance some gold pieces which he carries away with him through a double hedge of people who draw away in horror. He sits down to table and eats; then he gets into bed and goes to sleep. When he wakes up the next day, he begins to think about something quite different from the work he has been doing the day before . . .
>
> And yet all grandeur, all power, all discipline are founded on the executioner. He is the horror of the human association and the tie that holds it together. Take out of the world this incomprehensible agent, and at that instant will order give away to chaos, thrones fall and society vanish. God, who is the source of all sovereignty, is, therefore, the source of punishment, too.

The nightmare hardness of this passage – and it might be described as the centre-piece of de Maistre's philosophy of history – is by no means mitigated by our telling ourselves that the Count was a loving husband and father, a staunch friend, an accomplished courtier, an exquisite letter-writer and a benevolent judge, who resigned his place in the Savoyard Senate because he loathed having to pronounce the death sentence. De Maistre is one of those rare writers whose thought – if you can call it thought – was a great deal nastier than his character. In literature it is generally quite the other way about: the fine sentiments are more often to be found on the page than in the life of the writer, and it is this odd discrepancy in de Maistre's case that gives him his piquancy as a human being.

From 1804 to 1817, in his lonely outpost at St. Petersburg, he brooded atrabiliously on revolution and original sin, on crime and punishment, on heresy and heterodoxy, on the Papacy and Protestantism. In a series of books, essays and bulky pamphlets – *Du Pape*, *De l'Eglise Gallicane*, *Eclaircissements sur les Sacrifices*, *Examen de la Philosophie de Bacon* and *Lettres sur l'Inquisition Espagnole* – he limned the Apollyon of Disorder. A hydra-headed monster, it included every conceivable force, movement or human being that had occurred in the history of Europe since the Council of Trent. Not Voltaire, Robespierre and Napoleon alone, but Locke, Hume, Gibbon, Bacon, Newton's *Opticks*, the Jansenists, Greek Orthodoxy, the Church of England, the Edict of Nantes – de Maistre morticed it all into his vast fabric of infamy, plastering over the shallowness of his thought with the brilliance of his shock-tactics and vituperative paradox. *'Mettons cela'*, he cried to his printer, *'ajoutons cela encore, ça les fera enrager là-bas'* (*'là-bas'*, of course, was Paris). How right Louis Quatorze was to revoke the Edict!

> *Supposons que cette loi ait coûté 400,000 hommes à la France: c'est à peu pres comme si l'on ôtait 1,000 habitants à Paris. Il n'y paraitrait nullement. A l'égard des manufactures portées par les réfugiés dans les pays étrangers, et du tort qui en est résulté pour la France, les personnes pour qui ces objections boutiquières signifient quelque chose peuvent aller chercher des reponses ailleurs que dans mon livre.*

How right the Great King was to have ploughed up Port-Royal: *'Louis XIV, en faisant croître du blé sur un terrain qui ne produisait plus que de mauvais livres, aurait fait toujours un acte de sage agriculteur et de bon père de famille'*. If only there had been a French Inquisition!: those newspapers and drawing-rooms would have had short shrift: the Revolution might never have happened. As it is, '89 is a 'great and terrible sermon which Providence preached to men – a sermon with two morals: Revolutions are made by abuses; this is the first moral and it is addressed to sovereigns. Nevertheless it is infinitely better to have abuses than revolutions; this is the second moral and it is addressed to peoples'.

On the positive side, de Maistre also had a good deal to say. Like so many mystagogues of his time, he held strong views on the pre-human origin of language and seems to have believed in a race of pre-diluvian Atlantides, inhabitants of a semi-paradisical golden age, erased for its *'crimesinouïs'* in the Flood. *'Prompt,'* as M.

* *Joseph de Maistre: Textes choisis et présentés par* E. M. CIORAN. *Editions due Rocher.* 890*fr.*

JONATHAN CAPE

Book Society September Choice

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'A short polylogy, modelled on The Mad Hatter's Tea Party performed by some animals, a plumber and a goddess, and is very funny . . . The author, who is Senior Professor at the School of Theoretical Physics in the Dublin Institute for Advanced Studies . . . is extremely witty . . . strongly recommended.' SPECTATOR *15s.*

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M. Daninos has turned his gentle satiric eye on the English and on the Americans. Walter Goetz's drawings are deliciously witty and complement the text admirably. *12s. 6d.*

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Cioran acidly remarks, '*à se porter aux confins d'une idée*', this Platonic apostle of the closed society endowed his holy primitives with an intuitive '*science positive*', far surpassing the science of his own day. His politico-legal view of the Fall of Man makes him the spiritual ancestor of *Apartheid*, while his conception of the Papacy as the 'demi-urge' of European civilisation, the schooling Christian monarchy ('*ils l'ont faite, au pied de la letter, comme Fénélon fit le Duc de Bourgogne*') gives him first place in that distinguished line of rabid French clericals that includes Veuillot and Claudel. In his introductory essay M. Cioran writes perceptively of de Maistre's influence on Baudelaire. Why, he goes on to ask, do reactionaries generally write so much better than, '*les fervents de l'avenir*'? It is because, enraged at always being contradicted by historical events, '*ils se precipitent, dans leur désarroi, sur le verbe*' from which they proceed to draw vengeance and consolation. Sound a poet's past, M. Cioran tells us, examine his intellectual background, and you will invariably find '*quelques antécédents réactionnaires*'.

De Maistre left Russia in 1817 and died in the same year as Napoleon. 'The prophet of the past,' remarked Talleyrand, 'has fallen asleep in the bosom of eternity, with his memories which he takes for premonitions'. The heady anathemas, false prophecies, the powerless ultimatums fell noiselessly on a Europe deafened with the mill-stream of the nineteenth century. If we read de Maistre today it is not for what he said but for the effective way in which he said it, for the audacity, the chilling *expertise*, the extraordinary force of his misanthropy. 'Both the content and the tone of his writing,' declares Sir Isaiah Berlin, 'are closer to Nietzsche, d'Annunzio and the heralds of modern fascism than to the respectable royalists of his own time'. There is no doubt that the very humdrum eighteenth-century setting of de Maistre's life makes his dark, unrational view of life and history the more compelling. Other reactionaries – our own neo-Tory 'thinkers' especially – will always seem lambs beside him. Burke – even Mr Utley's Burke – is an angel by comparison, and Mr Utley himself no more than an Anglican Lammennais. John C. Calhoun and his gifted interpreter, Mr Peregrine Worsthorne, seem as mild as Jefferson when measured by this yardstick. Only Hobbes shares de Maistre's ruthlessness of outlook.

To the Christian political thinker, de Maistre must always stand as a dreadful warning. Few of us, even in an age that has witnessed Dachau and Belsen, have his personal excuse for despair. 'There is one proposition,' wrote Gladstone to a friend almost forty years after the Count's death, 'which the experience of life burns into my soul; it is this, that man should beware of letting his religion spoil his morality. In a thousand ways, some great, some small, but all subtle, we are daily tempted to that great sin. To speak of such a thing seems dishonouring to God; but it is not religion as it comes from Him, it is religion with the strange and evil mixtures that it gathers from abiding with us. . . .' It was from such strange and evil mixtures that the stoic, upright and benevolent Count de Maistre fashioned his grim idea of the human condition.

JOHN RAYMOND

The Punishment of Tartufe

After Rimbaud

Beneath his chaste black robe his amorous heart's
Gay fires he pokes and pokes with his gloved paws;
And as with dreadful sweetness out he starts,
Drooling his creed from yellow toothless jaws,
As out starts Tartufe with his 'let us pray!',
A blasphemous and violent man of sin
Grabs at his holy ear and tweaks away
The chaste black robe masking his clammy skin.

Oh, Nemesis! no button is secure,
And the long rosary of pardoned error
Spills in his breast. St Tartufe, pale with terror,
Confesses, gasps a prayer. The evil-doer
Just thought to snatch his priestly bands as loot . . .
But ugh! there's Tartufe naked head to foot!

BRIAN HILL

Monte Cassino

Cassino: Portrait of a Battle. By FRED MAJDALANY. *Longmans.* 21*s.*

Cassino was the strongest part of the strongest line which the Germans constructed in Italy, and they manned it with their toughest troops. We attacked it four times. The cost was enormous. In the end it was not captured, but evacuated by the Germans when they saw their lines of communications threatened from the south. The question therefore arises whether the methods employed during the winter months of 1944 were not too extravagant of men's lives. Mr Majdalany answers, No. He does not see in this bloody and repeated storming of a citadel a reflection of the wasteful tactics of the First War or earlier, though even Freyberg was heard to murmur at a desperate moment of the third battle the word 'Passchendaele'.

Why could we not have employed a technique of more indirect approach? Mr Majdalany replies that 'the geography of Italy is such that even in dry weather power of manœuvre is severely restricted, but between November and April it is non-existent'. Now, this is simply not true. The difficult complex of hills around Cassino was captured in December. The Anzio landings were carried out in January. Throughout the winter we had command of the air, and our divisions, even at Cassino itself, were constantly switching in and out of the line, and were reinforced from North Africa without arousing German suspicions. There were alternatives to the frontal assault on the Cassino defences, but Mr Majdalany, still overawed by the dominating strength of the Monastery, barely discusses them. We could have delayed any serious attempt on the Gustav line until the drier weather came. We could have built up our strength at Anzio and broken out earlier from the beachhead. Or we could have undertaken a massive assault on the weak link in the German line where our Garigliano bridgehead touched the southern edge of the Liri valley. These possibilities were considered and rejected at the time. In retrospect they might have been considered again, but Mr Majdalany has limited himself by the same assumption of infallibility in senior commanders which is imposed by custom only on the regimental historian. Such criticisms as he makes apply no higher than battalion or brigade level.

Strangest of all, he endorses the decision to bomb the Monastery. Even Mark Clark, who gave the original order, has had second thoughts. How can it be defended now? Mr Majdalany says the moral effect of this brooding fortress made its destruction essential before troops could be ordered to attack it. The Monastery and the hill were militarily 'a single piece of ground'. The observation possible from its windows and ramparts must be denied to the enemy, whether they were making use of it or not.

The Germans were not, in fact, occupying it. They realised that the propaganda value of remaining outside its walls was much greater than the military value of raising their observation posts another hundred feet above the 1,700-foot summit of the hill itself. 'Why should we want to occupy it', von Senger, the German commander at Cassino, said to me earlier this year, 'when we could see all we wanted to see from the upper slopes of the hill?' I well remember that when we first caught sight of the Monastery from the top of Monte Trocchio three miles away, we saw suspended against its walls a huge sheet on which were painted the words *Neutrales sumus*, and most of us believed it. But Mr Majdalany contends that the presence or absence of the Germans is irrelevant to the controversy. Surely not. By bombing it when it was unoccupied we gave them three advantages. We shocked a large part of the Christian world; we wasted the major tactical bombing effort of the Italian campaign on a target which contained only monks and terrified peasant refugees; and we presented the Germans with the excuse to occupy its ruins, which were more defensible than the intact building, as Mr Majdalany's own photographs show. Following his passionate defence of the decision to bomb, he comes to this paradoxical conclusion: 'The bombing expended its fury in a vacuum, tragically and wastefully. It achieved nothing, it helped nobody'. Exactly. But could it not have been foreseen?

There was slightly more reason for attempting to obliterate by bombing the garrison of the town itself at the opening of the third battle a month later, and probably no other troops in the world could have stood up to it like Heidrich's 1st Parachute Division. The New Zealanders' ordeal was increased by a torrential downpour which followed the bombing, but even had the weather not broken, it is difficult to understand why they should have tried to deploy scores of tanks in a tiny area reduced to lumps of jagged masonry and interlocking craters. Infantry might have succeeded, but not tanks, as anyone who saw the battlefield immediately after the bombardment could tell at a glance. But even if the infantry had cleared the town, the Allies would still have been denied access to their objective, the Liri valley, for the chances of carrying the Monastery by direct assault uphill were negligible. Locally the key to the Cassino position lay neither in the town nor in the Monastery, but in the hill and the approaches to it from the north, in those famous spot-heights 593 and 445, which the monks who had lived for thirteen centuries within strolling distance of them had left unnamed. But perhaps the key did not lie locally at all. Perhaps it lay fifteen miles to the south in the Aurunci mountains, which the Germans thought impassable, but which fell in the first few hours of the fourth battle.

Mr Majdalany describes the sequence of these terrible events with great skill and sympathy. He sees the battle through the commanders' eyes. What he does not do is draw the lessons.

NIGEL NICOLSON

The Noble Parasite

Poems Selected by Himself. By ROBERT GRAVES. *Penguin Books.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

I put Mr Graves first among literary all-rounders: he has excelled as historical novelist, poet, biographer, literary critic, translator, pamphleteer; he has written experimental fiction and unacted plays; he has gained a formidable half-mastery in two great fields of learning – the Classical and the Semitic. The Bodleian Library catalogue lists more than seventy entries under his name. He must work very fast as well as very hard. *The Greek Myths* is the only book of his which, coming my way, has seemed thoroughly bad.

In this welter of achievement Mr Graves always points to his poetry as the really important thing. He managed to write poetry in the early days, with four children and no money, when the uproar prevented him writing anything else; and, as he insists in *Goodbye To All That*, he never allowed a poem to be damaged by his circumstances: he would tear up twenty or thirty drafts of a small lyric at a time when he was writing all manner of prose fast and furiously to pay his way. The volumes of his collected poems – four in all, between 1927 and 1948 – show many signs of this loving care of his verse, in the way he revises, re-revises, and sometimes ends by restoring an original reading or even a whole poem excised from intermediate collections.

And yet if you attend to what Mr Graves has to say about his poetry, you will notice something very unlike him in the fiddling and esoteric manner of it. 'I write poems for poets', he says in *Poems, 1938-1945*, 'and satires or grotesques for wits. For people in general I write prose. . . .' And

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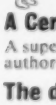

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he shows an unreasoning severity towards those of his poems that have had the misfortune to become popular: 'anthology pieces,' he calls them, and he anticipates protests against their exclusion from the 1927 collection by observing that 'any reader who has come to like them can copy them into the blank pages of this book'.

I quote these remarks because I want to venture the opinion that Mr Graves misunderstands himself. It seems, in the first place, that some of his prose – *The White Goddess* and *King Jesus* – is more serious than most of his poetry, and more difficult than any of it. Both these books evoke the world of German humane scholarship (Leopold von Ranke was Mr Graves's great-uncle) – that vanished world in which a thousand Berlin students would go to hear Harnack or Wilamowitz lecture; and there would be a fight to get in, and tickets would have to be issued, and these tickets would be stolen or more tickets forged, and the fight would begin again. When we meet that world in Mr Graves's work it has fallen into noble ruin, and the solemnity is broken, now and then, by feather-headed Celtic fantasies; but his learning, impressive though it is – and he displays it to advantage in the books I have just mentioned – becomes of great consequence only when joined to the talent that produced his Claudius novels. These he has himself underrated – perhaps because they have achieved the same popular success as the 'anthology pieces'.

Most historical novels are written by people whose feeble imaginations would let them down more obviously if they attempted straight fiction. Mr Graves's imagination is anything but feeble: it is very strong, but it needs to be directed by a historical or – one can be more precise with *Belisarius* and *Sergeant Lamb* – military-historical vision. That his imagination is at once forceful and parasitic seems to me the thing worth saying about Mr Graves. It touches his achievements as historical novelist and mythographer, and his relative failure in other fiction. It also makes a useful introduction to his poetry. His history-in-rhyme is splendid – I am thinking of *1805* ('At Viscount Nelson's lavish funeral') and *The Persian Version* –

> Truth-loving Persians do not dwell upon
> The trivial skirmish fought near Marathon –

and *The General Elliot* –

> He fell in victory's fierce pursuit
> Holed through and through with shot;
> A sabre sweep had hacked him deep
> 'Twixt neck and shoulder-knot.

Very military, Mr Graves's verse-histories. And yet he can handle legend and Bible story with great tenderness: *In the Wilderness* – 'a silly, quaint poem,' writes Mr Graves, annoyed at its wide appeal – is an exception to the rule that Skeltonic verses are hateful. And *My Name and I* conveys a peculiarly subtle self-regard, mild without indulgence:

> *Robert* was what my parents guessed
> When first they peered at me,
> And *Graves* an honourable bequest
> With Georgian silver and the rest
> From my male ancestry.
>
> They taught me: 'You are *Robert Graves*
> (Which you must learn to spell),
> But see that *Robert Graves* behaves,
> Whether with honest men or knaves,
> Exemplarily well'.

His poetry needs the same impulsion – historical, mythical, biographical, autobiographical – as his other work. He is a good poet, but not first and foremost a poet. We must face up to Mr Graves, and insist on the all-rounder. In fact he gives the show away himself when he speaks, in the 1938 volume, of his 'struggle to be a poet in more than a literary sense': people whose poetry really comes first don't talk like that.

JOHN JONES

GOOD READING

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'A novel that everyone should read.' John Davenport *Observer*.

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MACGIBBON & KEE

Quaint or Courtly?

Life in Medieval France. By JOAN EVANS. *Phaidon.* 32*s.* 6*d.*

Owing to the oddities of much medieval draughtsmanship, one is sometimes tempted to picture medieval man as a clownish, stunted simpleton, with an adenoidal goggle, and limp, tadpole's limbs painfully contorted to fit the lack of perspective. Some such faint, half-conscious image may partly have inspired the eighteenth century's contempt for medieval ways of thinking; and it surely lies behind the condescending tenderness with which even some later popular historians have approached a subject they clearly regard as quaint. Simple faith, monkish Latin, early French and English, craft guilds, turned-up shoes, picturesque villeins and wandering scholars – all these can combine to give a totally false impression of ten savage and creative centuries. It's all the more to the credit of Dr Joan Evans, therefore, that her popular survey of *Life in Medieval France* almost wholly eschews these familiar temptations. Perhaps she slightly idealises the middle ages: but this lends warmth to her writing. Perhaps her footnote translations of the romances and *chansons de geste* are at times a little consciously archaic: but tradition is on her side. And if her illustrations include some of the 'little men' variety, these are admirably chosen to show the daily routine of medieval living, while others magnificently convey the triumphs of medieval art. In all, there are ninety-seven plates, six of them in colour: they include such masterpieces as Fouquet's troubled portrait of King Charles VII, Abbot Suger's jewelled gold-and-sardonyx chalice, now in Washington, and a superbly tough and mature bas-relief, from the west facade of Rheims cathedral, of a warrior in chain-mail before a priest. This last, confronting the knight's dangerous, anxious look with the priest's worried and stern benignity, makes a graphic comment on one of the middle ages' central preoccupations, the interaction of spiritual and temporal power.

These illustrations enormously enhance the value of a most attractive book. The text itself is reprinted, with some slight alterations and the omission of a chapter on medieval art, from the first edition, published in 1925. The missing chapter Dr Evans herself has superseded with her *Art in Medieval France* (1948); but despite some necessary additions to its bibliography, the rest of the book stands up remarkably well amid the rather desiccated gold-rush of current medieval research. Its tone and emphasis, rather than its details, are the chief features to reveal its age. Beginning with a general survey of France, it turns to feudal society, town life, monastic life, and pilgrimage and the Crusades. Consciously omitting literature and the theatre, it concludes with two chapters on learning and education, and a brief valediction which appears to rely quite heavily on the late Professor Huizinga's *Waning of the Middle Ages*.

Its best sections, to my mind, are those on feudalism and the Crusades. In the former, Dr Evans delineates very clearly and briefly the twin Teutonic and Roman elements in the developed feudal 'system', as well as its inherent weakness, the lack of horizontal social links later supplied by such groupings as the guilds and communes. On the Crusades, she likewise says a great deal in a short space, revealing most vividly how many of the later features of the middle ages were brought back from the East – armorial bearings from the Arab Emirs, the lute from the *al'ud*, heraldic mantling from the *kouffieh*, windmills from Turkey, the Venetian glass industry from Syria. Whether all these imports were due to the Crusades is a little less certain; and once or twice here one has the impression that Dr Evans is tending to over-simplify. To speak, for example, of 'schism' between Rome and Byzantium in the early eleventh century is to go too far, as Dvornik and others have shown; and to call the crusading spirit 'a French impulse', whose 'first inspiration' came from Cluny, is perhaps to overlook certain earlier Italian episodes. And it seems strange, while quoting Ramon Lull's condemnation of Crusading, to say that 'the French spirit of Crusade and chivalry had so beautified the lives of ordinary men that it was felt to be possible for those under vows to seek perfection even while working in the world'.

This, introducing St. Francis of Assisi, seems to be claiming rather much for France. Such claims are no doubt natural in a study of medieval French life; but Dr Evans's francophilia sometimes leads to dubious emphases. She is a little hard, I think, on Duns Scotus for helping to destroy 'the French systematisation of thought' She rather overstresses, earlier, the reforming role of Cluny; and in general she stretches the use of the word 'France' rather far back in time and rather widely in area. Burgundy and Lorraine, for instance, were very much frontier regions in the eleventh century. In quoting old-French sources, moreover, it would be less misleading sometimes to give their dates, and not, for instance, to cite Richard de Fournival's *Bestiaire d'Amour*, how-

ever aptly, to describe a characteristic of the Dark Ages. The overall result is to blur the differences between succeeding medieval centuries, and to suffuse the whole with a kind of courtly grace more truly native to France in the high and later middle ages. Only in the last chapter does the changing character of the period fully emerge, and then as a prelude to the traditional view of the Renaissance: 'The hidden principle of Renaissance art is pride; its avowed aim is earthly glory, and its moral teaching is the *danse macabre*.' The peroration is striking: but it may be worth noting that the very word 'Renaissance' first appears, even then as an architectural term, only in eighteenth-century France, while many scholars now see as much continuity as contrast between medieval and modern Europe.

In these ways, then, Dr Evans's book embodies a rather traditional and peculiarly French view of the middle ages. Yet if she omits and seems to distort parts of the picture, her book is nevertheless a delightful and vividly colourful introduction to its period. You may go elsewhere for studies of the medieval Papacy, the French civil service, the evolution of law and letters. But even the sagest Ph.D. student and the most myopic palæographer would gain from reading Dr Evans and letting some kindly light through the cobwebs.

RICHARD MAYNE

Not Trying

Accusés Hors Série. By HENRY TORRÈS. *Gallimard.* 790*fr.*

Histoire de la Justice sous la IIIe République. By MAURICE GARÇON. 2 Vols. *Fayard.* 1600*fr.*

Though we think ourselves a cultured and literate nation, we have a secret feeling that we are second-rate as compared to the French. Put Dickens up against Balzac, Galsworthy against Proust, or the Old Vic against the Comédie Française, and you can see what is wrong with us – commercial, insensitive and amateurish all at once. No wonder that Congreve insisted that he was a gentleman; it was the only way to hold his own against Voltaire. The Romans must have felt much the same towards the Greeks. We are carrying on in clumsy mercantile fashion a civilisation which others invented and made perfect. However, there is a means of consolation. Go down the ladder a step to the writing that is frankly light and commercial, the history that aims at a wide sale, the journalism turned into books; the French examples appear more trivial, more vulgar, more careless than our own. The French have no middle-brow writers and readers – only refined culture on the highest level or a cheap nineteenth-century sensationalism in the spirit of Eugène Sue.

The English detective story and the French *roman policier* show the contrast clearly enough. And so does the treatment in the two countries of great legal 'affairs'. We take this subject seriously. We have a master of legal dramatics in Mr Edgar Lustgarten, and a host of competent writers ranking below him. We had only the other day two solid books, at once exciting and scholarly, on the Tichborne case. The French have better raw material. Tremendous political disputes that we cannot match – Bazaine, Dreyfus, Caillaux, Pétain; ingenuities of fraud beyond our imagining; crimes of passion. What do they make of this? Nothing. The stories are thrown at the reader in a spirit of contempt. There is no attempt at arrangement, no drama, and the writing is like stale perfume.

The two present books both illustrate the point

Autumn highlights

★ ★ ★

Yvonne Mitchell
ACTRESS
An enchanting record in the form of advice to a girl who wants to go on the stage, fully illustrated. 3 *Oct.*, 15*s. net*

David James (Editor)
OUTWARD BOUND
A record of the work and aims of the movement, with a foreword by H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh. *Illustrated.* 6 *Nov.*, 21*s. net*

Terence de Vere White
A FRETFUL MIDGE
A Dublin journey through the Troubles and the twenties, theatre, politics, art and hunting, to the present time. 27 *Sept.*, 18*s. net*

Eileen Soper
WILD ENCOUNTERS
A charmingly illustrated record of the author's experiences with wild creatures, in the same vein as *When Badgers Wake.* 20 *Sept.*, 25*s. net*

Patrick Howarth
THE LIFE-BOAT STORY
A new and most readable history of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution. Foreword by H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent. *Illustrated.* 3 *Oct.*, 21*s. net*

G. V. Blackstone
A HISTORY OF THE BRITISH FIRE SERVICE
Foreword by the Rt. Hon. Herbert Morrison. 56 pages of illustrations, 12 in colour. *Oct.*, 60*s. net*

W. Douglas Simpson
EXPLORING CASTLES
Those who care to know what went on in the many ruined or preserved castles they see will find here an abundance of fascinating information. *Illustrated.* 20 *Sept.*, 21*s. net*

J. P. W. Mallalieu
VERY ORDINARY SPORTSMAN
A record of sporting events, with the author's personal recollections of some great occasions. *Oct.*, 18*s. net*

Routledge & Kegan Paul

Company Meeting

PURNELL AND SONS
LIMITED

(Book Printers & Publishers)

ALL BRANCHES WORKING TO CAPACITY

PROPOSED CAPITAL ISSUE FOR DEVELOPMENT PROJECTS

The 23rd ordinary general meeting of Purnell and Sons Limited will be held on September 27 in London.

The following is the statement by the Chairman and Managing Director, Mr. W. Harvey:—

The profit of the Group for the year 1956 before providing for Taxation is £643,938 as compared with £627,357 in 1955, an increase of £16,581. From this Profit is to be deducted Taxation £368,698 and Interest of Minority Shareholders in a Subsidiary Company's Profit £3,326, leaving a balance of Profit for the year of £271,914 as compared with £286,785. More than half of the increase in Taxation is due to the higher rate of Tax payable on the dividends distributed.

To this year's Profit is to be added the balance brought forward from the previous year of £715,431, together with £88,807 Reserve for Taxation provided in previous years no longer required, making the balance available for allocation £1,076,152. From this amount your Directors have provided £125,000 as Reserve for Contingencies which, together with dividends to Shareholders amounting to £125,376, leaves a balance to be carried forward of £825,776, as compared with £715,431 in 1955. The credit for Taxation Reserve no longer required is released consequent upon the settlement of matters which have been under discussion with the Revenue for some considerable time and which have now been disposed of with this favourable result.

The Group Profit of the preceding year has been more than maintained during the year and confirms the forecast in my previous Report. During the year under review costs have increased, but I am pleased to report that by increased production, and with the co-operation of our employees, we have for the most part avoided an increase in prices.

CAPITAL EXPENDITURE

Fixed Assets have increased by £80,000. A very large part of this increase has been in respect of the provision of houses for our employees, and the expenditure on new plant during the year has been small. It has always been the policy of the Company, however, to stand in the forefront in the matter of printing plant and equipment, calling for a high level of Capital Expenditure, and the results that have been obtained are an indication of what has been achieved in this respect from our own resources out of accruing profits. Substantial Capital Expenditure in the provision of new plant and buildings will continue to be necessary and we propose to make an application to the Capital Issues Committee for permission to issue the balance of the Ordinary Share Capital to our present Shareholders at attractive terms.

During the current year I am pleased to report that all branches in the Group have been working to capacity and I anticipate satisfactory results for 1957.

Once again I wish to pay tribute to my colleagues on the Board, all of whom are full-time executives, and to express my thanks to the staff and to all employees for their services and co-operation.

in different ways. Henry Torrès is among the great advocates of the age, particularly as a champion of liberal causes He has defended anarchists, anti-Fascists, Jews. Lawyers rarely make much of a showing when they come to write their reminiscences, but surely he could do better than this. Each episode is a fragment with a chunk from his pleadings inserted into gush about his client. Some of the stories could be amusing, some moving, but not as presented here. To find something charitable to say, one must fall back on the dust-cover which describes the book as '*passionné comme une plaidoirie et spirituel comme un dîner parisien*'.

The other work is more painstaking, though not much more interesting. It seems to have been designed as a history of political justice; and the first volume keeps reasonably close to this theme. It opens with a survey of justice under the Commune which has some real value; and then describes the justice of reaction. There is the trial of Bazaine; the actions against the monarchists; and the conflict with anarchists on the one side, and religious congregations on the other. The thread is still perceptible. The treatment gets more casual and drab with each chapter. Instead of narrative or analysis, we are given cuttings from the criminal register. The second volume is devoted to '*les Grandes Affaires*'. This carries us a good way from politics, for we go chasing off after financial scandals and end up with prosecutions for nudity in the theatre. It would seem almost impossible to write an account of the Dreyfus affair which is both dull and confusing. This book achieves it. The case against Caillaux is also thrown away. Imagine Lloyd George demanding the arrest of Asquith or even of Ramsay MacDonald in the middle of the war, as Clemenceau did of Caillaux, and threatening to resign immediately if the demand was refused. An English writer would have known how to make the most of this. Here it reads like the treatment of a traffic offence.

Of course the stories themselves are wonderful, particularly the money swindles. My favourite is the woman who invented an imaginary litigation against herself in order to live on the credit of the supposed inheritance that was being denied to her. But the reader has to work almost as hard as the swindler in order to get much fun out of these pedestrian volumes. I suppose that French writers despise the reading public and therefore refuse to take any trouble. M. Maurice Garçon is a member of the Académie Française. These volumes would not have got him into the British Academy.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

Taxis of the Marne
JEAN DUTOURD

Exasperation and eloquence mount as Dutourd's clarion call to patriotism stirs even " the sensible Englishman of 1957 enjoying the quiet backwater pleasures of a great power in decline."
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The film has charm and gaiety, but the book is " as light and sparkling as a glass of champagne."
10s. 6d.

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VERA WHEATLEY

"A near-perfect biography. Whoever is interested in human character or the 19th century will read this book with fascinated admiration."
—*A. J. P. Taylor.* 35s.

Secker & Warburg

New Stories and Novels

A Book of Stories. By JEAN STAFFORD, JOHN CHEEVER, DANIEL FUCHS AND WILLIAM MAXWELL. *Gollancz.* 16s.

The Field of Vision. By WRIGHT MORRIS. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 15s.

The Philadelphian. By RICHARD POWELL. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 16s.

The Braintree Mission. By NICHOLAS WYCKOFF. *Gollancz.* 13s. 6d.

All these four books come from America, and I see that of one of them, *The Field of Vision*, whose author has been hailed in the United States as 'the voice and conscience of provincial America,' a fellow reviewer has recently written that 'it may be that American and English writing are now so far removed from one another that an Englishman cannot appreciate American provincial life,' as rendered, that is, by Mr Morris. Englishmen are not likely to have much difficulty in appreciating American life as described by the distinguished authors of the fifteen stories in *A Book of Stories*. It is life as lived in the *New Yorker* belt. The *New Yorker* long ago became one of those magazines of which it is commonly said that it is not as good as it was, an almost infallible sign of distinction. It is certainly not for the likes of us, who have nothing even approaching its excellence, to pan the *New Yorker*. If we did have, then we might have short stories as good as these. It is true that the milieu, characters and tone of Mr Cheever's, Mr Fuchs's and Mr Maxwell's stories are in a sense predictable; their material lies in the disillusionments of childhood and the wry frustrations, too muted ever to become tragic, of middle-class American domestic life. Yet how beautifully, in every case, is the material handled, how packed with meaning the best stories. These I take to be Mr Cheever's 'The Bus to St James's,' Mr. Fuchs's 'Twilight in Southern California' and, above all, Mr Maxwell's three stories. In every instance, a whole complex relationship, the way in which a life has been or will be lived, a family history, is made implicit in the narration of a single incident; and Mr Maxwell adds his own note of elegiac poetry.

So far as manner goes, it is Miss Stafford who is the outsider here. She is a most elegant writer, but more direct, more extraverted and exuberant than the men in the collection. The three Colorado stories, 'The Liberation,' 'In the Zoo' and 'Bad Characters,' are especially good; the first two bracing in the vividness with which they evoke the feeling of escape from an oppressive environment into a larger world; the third a shining example of what a good writer can do with the most familiar material, for here Miss Stafford takes what has become an American stereotype featured in innumerable strip cartoons, films, novels and magazine articles, the pre-adolescent tomboy, and makes of it something funny, affecting and true.

The Field of Vision, there seems no doubt, is something very different: the reception it has had here, so far as I have seen it, can only be called snooty. It comes to us as the 1957 National Book Award and armed with rave notices from American reviewers. If there is one thing more than another that brings out the beast in English reviewers it is rave notices by American reviewers. Mr Morris admittedly brings together at his bullfight in Mexico City a pretty crazy collection of characters: a failed playwright, 'a dedicated no-man, one who had turned to failure as a field that offered real opportunity for success'; a phoney psychiatrist with an attendant man-woman who is both patient and housekeeper; the failure's boyhood friends, an elderly couple from small-town Nebraska; their grandson, dressed in Davy Crockett uniform; and his great-grandfather, an aged frontiersman and friend of Buffalo Bill, for whom life stopped in 1900.

Crazy enough, I dare say; but not more so, surely, than the characters we expect to meet in the works of Miss Carson McCullers, for example. I must confess I found *The Field of Vision* enormously interesting, more so than any American novel I had read for a long time. It is funny and pathetic. 'The voice and conscience of Provincial America?' I can think of half a dozen novelists who might as easily be called that; but one thing I am sure of: I have not read a novel that gives one a surer sense of the great empty plains, with their tiny towns, of the further Middle West, or, for that matter, one that more graphically describes the ardours and endurances of the covered-waggon days.

The Philadelphian is something different again, and much more familiar: Marquand-on-the-rocks. But the concoction has been left to stand overnight in an over-heated room and the ice-cubes have melted into tepid water. The potency's gone, and all you can say is that it's terribly wet. It's the saga of four generations of Irish Philadelphians who finally make the social and financial grade in the City of Brotherly Love in the person of a smart young lawyer named Anthony Judson Lawrence. He talks like this:

> The way I look at it, is that in a big firm it's a tough climb to the top but a mighty nice view if you can get there. I don't want to get to the top in a small firm and find I still can't see over the heads of the crowd. I'll take my chances in a big firm.

In a rather worse year he'd have played football for Princeton. Our old friend, the All-American Boy, in fact. He didn't seem to me to have more life than a wooden Indian, to use a favourite figure of Mr Wright Morris's, but in a month or two you'll be able to follow his adventures at the local Plaza: Warner Brothers are on the job.

The Braintree Mission relates one of the 'ifs' of history. What would have happened if Lord North, in 1770, had adopted a policy of conciliation towards the leaders of the American colonists by offering them seats in the House of Lords? Given that John Adams was the first to be approached, the answer, as this novel triumphantly shows, must be 'Nothing much'. As a novel, *The Braintree Mission* seemed to me as unconvincing as its theme; but it contains a very agreeable picture of life in Boston on the eve of the revolution.

WALTER ALLEN

Week-end Competition

Competition No. 1,436 Set by Brian Hill

The usual prizes are offered for a translation of this poem by Théodore de Banville. Entries by September 17.

Eh bien! mêle ta vie à la verte forêt!
Escalade la roche aux nobles altitudes.
Respire, et libre enfin des vieilles servitudes,
Fuis les regrets amers que ton coeur savourait.
Dès l'heure éblouissante où le matin paraît,
Marche au hasard; gravis les sentiers les plus rudes.
Va devant toi, baisé par l'air des solitudes,
Comme une biche en pleurs qu'on effaroucherait.

Cueille la fleur agreste au bord du précipice.
Regard l'antre affreux que le lierre tapisse
Et le vol des oiseaux dans les chênes touffus.
Marche et prête l'oreille en tes sauvages courses;
Car tout le bois frémit, plein de rythmes confus,
Et la Muse aux beaux yeux chante dans l'eau des sources.

Result of No. 1,433 Set by John Pomfret

'Slump Staggers the BBC' cried the headlines last Wednesday: 'The number of people who listen to BBC radio is declining sensationally'. The usual prizes are offered for 12 lines of verse from a ballad entitled *The Ancient Listener.*

Report

The real test was whether competitors, in three verses, could catch the drama, the excitement and the mystery of the Ancient Listener's tale. It was not enough to twist the corniest of Coleridge's lines into an apposite shape—although I liked John Thornton's TV aerials—

Aitches, aitches on the air
For sight and sound to link;
Aitches, aitches everywhere
On every roofing brink.

and Vera Telfer's—

Alone, alone, all, all alone!
Alone by my VHF
And never a friend to share the tone,
I sit among the deaf.

The ghostly ship and the slimy things are closest to the Telly horrors—

But soon a great grey glowing eye
Caught us in its sight,
And in it ran a spectre-man
And devils danced at night.

With throats unslaked, with red eyes caked
We sat transfixed with fright
And the beastly moan of a gramophone
Switched out our gentle Light.
(Desmond Skirrow)

The many valves so beautiful,
All obsolete they lie;
But a thousand, thousand cathode tubes
Lived on; and so did I.
(A. J. B.)

I shivered, too, at R. A. McKenzie's flash of madness—

With clammy sweat my clothes did cling
As would they keep me too.
I loosed the bolt. A flash of volt!
And blackness hid the View.

After that it was refreshing to taste J. A. Lindon's cocktail of cold water and crême-de-menthe—

Who ever saw such rot? O Christ,
That our great boom should crash!
And misty screens, all huey greens,
Grow round us like a rash!

and comforting to meet K. Boaler's gaffer—

They Listeners do be droppin' off,
A Third, they say, mebbe—
'Tis time that I were poppin' off,
If sich-like things can be!

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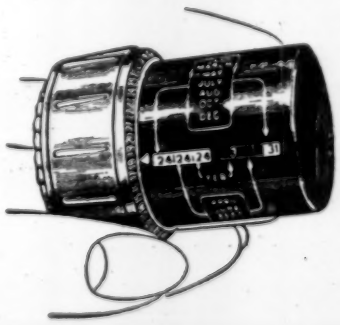
Brighten the Autumn at
BRIGHTON
Now is one of the finest times of the year at Brighton. Holiday there in sun and warmth. Shows, shops, golf courses, entertainments are yours for the enjoying. Just an hour by train from London.
Guide and Hotel List 6d. from G. H. Johnson, Royal York Buildings, Brighton.

LEISURE is well spent in reading for a DEGREE
One of to-day's problems is that of making the best use of leisure hours. To those who are studiously inclined we suggest that spare time might well be occupied in reading for a Degree, not merely for the material advantages, but also for the widening of outlook and development of mental abilities. Moreover, under experienced and sympathetic guidance study becomes a pleasurable occupation. **London University Degrees** are open to all. You need not attend the University. All that is necessary is to pass three examinations (in some cases, two). You may study for them at home and in your own time, wherever you are. **Wolsey Hall Postal Courses** for these examinations are conducted by a staff of over 100 Graduate Tutors. The Courses comprise Lessons, Test Papers, Model Answers, correction of your work and solution of *all* difficulties by your tutors. A Guarantee is given that in the event of failure, tuition will be continued *free*. Fees are reasonable and may be spread over the period of the Course. More than 13,000 Successes at Lond. Univ. exams. **alone** from 1947. **Write for PROSPECTUS** to C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D. Dept. VH24.
WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD

Motherhood no longer an accident
KNAUS-OGINO DISCOVERY
The brilliant discoveries of Professor Hermann Knaus and Dr. Kyasaku Ogino have established as a scientific fact that a woman can conceive only on certain days of the month and no others. Calculating these fertile days accurately, depending as they do on so many variables, has always meant working out complicated sums each month—if one knew how. Now, with the aid of a specially designed, brilliant little Swiss precision calculator, the fertile days are shown in advance for each month and any healthy woman can plan her family naturally, confidently and in private.
ACCEPTED METHOD
This simple method of child planning is used and recommended by leading doctors and gynaecologists all over the world. The accepted method on which the calculator is based is in complete accordance with the teaching of all religious denominations.
A PRECISION CALCULATOR
The C.D. (Conception Days) Indicator is very easy to use. It excludes any possibility of mathematical error and automatically takes into consideration irregularities of cycle which may occur in a healthy woman.

FREE
To the C.D. Indicator Advisory Bureau, (Dept. N.S.4), 4, Avery Row, London, W.1
Please send, without obligation and in a plain envelope, a free illustrated explanatory brochure giving details of the C.D. Indicator.
NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
..... N.S.4

Perhaps I can comfort the unsuccessful competitors by quoting Coleridge—the telly's just warming up—

At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist;
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

Many of you did as well as that!

A prize of three guineas goes to Gloria Prince, and a guinea each to the others printed (perhaps Eileen Tulloch's should have been out of the running, but it is funny). Runners-up: E. Tinsley, Ian Gilliland, A. M. Sayers, Rhoda Elliott, E. J. Roberts and A. M. Robertson.

O'er medium waves we drifted slow,
Nor marked the threat'ning glass,
When H for Hell rose like a spell
Between us and the mass.

Which all at once began to melt,
And flow from us in spate.
Is that Sabrina? (Has she two?)
Is Superman her mate?

To sight and sound, their eyes turned round,
And gained an orbèd gloss;
And each glazed eye, it passed me by
Like the Quiz of that Criss Cross!

GLORIA PRINCE

I am all that remains of the Listeners,
And now I'm a hundred and three,
So the whole of the 'Homlithird Programme'
Is specially written for *me*.
'Good morning, Miss Tulloch,' they mutter.
'The weather is baddish'—or 'good',
And 'Listen with Mother will follow'—
I *know* they intend to be rude!
But I always enjoy 'Any Answers?'
For mine are the only replies,
And they've *got* to continue to broadcast
Until my regretted (?) demise!

EILEEN TULLOCH

I *am* the Ancient Listener,
Greybeard, with glittering eye,
I weep to have to tell the rest
But here is one more try. . . .

I *was* the first fan listener,
It ruled me, it was boss
Until the world got crossbows
And shot my albatross.

A. P.

'. . . Down dropped the aerial, the mast,
The gadgets so absurd,
The hounds of hell went howling past,
Crying "The Third, the Third!"

But none could save; the shortest wave
Was metres far too long;
The fiendish cry, "It's all my eye!",
This was our parting song,

And I alone was left, though maimed,
To harken plaintively –'
'Enough!' the Wedding-Guest exclaimed,
'I saw it on TV.'

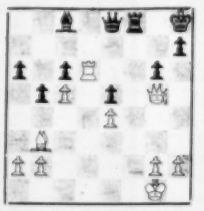
ONGAR

The Chess Board

No. 408. A Job for F.I.D.E.

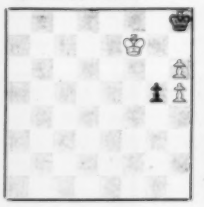
Not as if our supreme Federation wasn't doing a jolly good job already doling out some well deserved grandmaster titles and organising the world championship and its concomitant consecutive candidate-conclaves; and as if that weren't enough they are now expected to set up a sort of Nobel-prize committee to accomplish the selection of *the* best chess problems ever. The suggestion comes from A. Kraemer and E. Zepler and, pending its realisation those two celebrated problemists have anticipated the job in no mean manner, their *Problemkunst im 20 Jahrhundert* (*de Gruyter & Co.* Berlin, *DM.* 8.60) being an anthology of some 300 of the best 2-10-movers (mostly, of course, 3-movers) composed this century. It should be a feast for our problem-addicts, but such is human proneness to error that even this expertly checked collection of Jury-checked prizewinners contains at least two 'duds', both of them discovered by Prof. G. Feigerl, one of our Vienna readers and a most eager and erudite problemist too. One of them is the celebrated Shinkman-Würzburg 10-mover (1912), 'debunked' in No 400 of this column, the other is this 5-mover of Kraemer's. /5r1k/ 5Ppr/ 5p1p/ 2R4Q/ 8/ 6p1/ 5RKkt/ 8/. The author's solution: (1) R-B8, RxR; (2) R-QB2, RxR ch; (3) Q-K2, RxQ ch; (4) K-R3 etc. Very pretty indeed, but, alas, (2) R-K2 is just as efficient even though rather more pedestrian. Here now, in fairness to the author is one of his innumerable unblemished 3-movers, (a 1954 1st prizewinner)./ 4K3/ 24/ 6Pp/ 7Kt/ 3PRp1p/1R1B3k/. The key: K-B8!; and if . . . P=Q;(2) R-B2. And here is one of Kraemer's own favourites among the wide choice of his fellow-author's *oeuvre*, a 6-mover, and a most witty and elegant piece too. / 16/ 4p2K/ 2kt1BP2/ 3P3p/ 3pKt2k/ 8/ 2kt2b1B/. The tempting (1) B-B3 fails against . . . PxP, the proper line being (1) Kt-Q1!, K-Kt5; (2) Kt-B2 ch, KxP; (3) Kt-Q1!, K-Kt5; (4) Kt-K3 ch, K-R6; (5) B-B3 etc. This was one of Zepler's 1935 prize-winners, and it was dedicated to A. C. White. The same year saw one of the most celebrated among the authors' numerous joint efforts. /r4r2/ 1pKtP4/ pPk2Kt1Q/ 2BR1kt2/ 1P6/ 8/ 2p2K1p/ 8/. It's a 3-mover, the highly melodramatic key being K-K1. With so much to choose from (such as some of Heathcote's and Matthew's best pieces) I might as well conclude with what the editors consider 'the perfect 2-mover'. 3r1B1q/ 5kt2/ 8/ R2B4/ 3k3r/ 1Pp3Rp/ 6bK/ 3ktQ1Kt1/. The key is B-K4, and this was L. Loshinski's 1st prizewinner in the Tchigorin Memorial tournament of 1949.

A: Lukov 1957



After so much food for the thoughts of our much neglected problem-addicts the competition reverts to our more customary fare, the 4-pointer for beginners being a game position in which White neatly secured the win of a P and a clearly won ending. **B** (a draw) and **C** (a win) were both inspired by actual games, and they are hardly too difficult for 6 and 7 ladder-points. (Neither of them is in the book under review). Usual prizes. Entries by Sept. 16.

B: A. Kraemer 1930



C: E. Zepler 1924

REPORT on No. 404. Set August 10

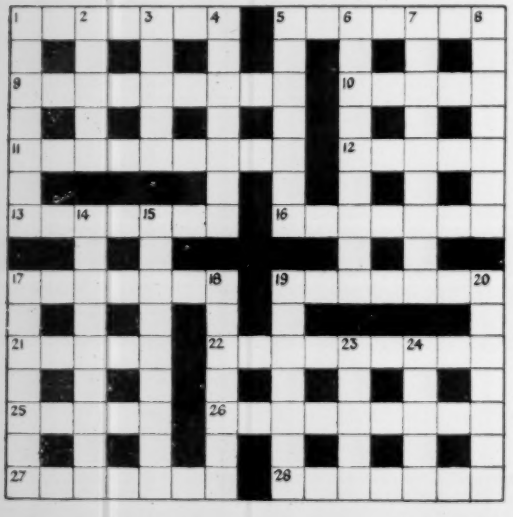
A: Q-R5 ch, B-Kt4; (2) Q-Q1 ch, Q-Q5; (3) Q-Kt3 ch, K-K4; (4) Q-KKt3 ch, K-Q4; (5) Q-Q6 mate.
B: (1) RxKt, P=Q; (2) RxP, Q-QB8; (3) R-R6 ch, QxR; (4) R-R6 ch etc.
C: (1) R-QR8, R-Kt3 (best); (2) R-R5 ch, R-Kt4; (3) R-R6!, P-Q5!; (4) R-KB6!, ,PxP; (5) PxP, K-Q4; (6) R-B5 ch etc.

Many stumped (or partly so) by C and/or B. Prizes: C. Allen, W. H. L. Brooking, G. Roblin, A. J. Roycroft.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 267

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 267, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 17 Sept.



ACROSS

1. With a different centre this cake would do for a composer (7).
5. The woman was wounded and spoke incoherently (7).
9. Disease which diffuses pride about the family line (9).
10. Bob comes in to remedy a great evil (5).
11. Card for a player (9).
12. Weir's victim (5).
13. A liquid is a labial to start with in speaking imperfectly (7).
16. Unhappy about an instrument formally honoured (7).
17. Inflammation that makes one the tiniest bit depressed (7).
19. Gratifies passions for animals, by the sound of it (7).
21. Sovereign measure (5).
22. After everyone goes back north there is a futile number in this resort (9).
25. Language which is for the chopper, by the sound of it (5).
26. Coin catalogues for chroniclers (9).
27. Number in force for the curé (7).
28. Stops in tortuous side-streets (7).

DOWN

1. Cause trouble and make the rising young lady wicked (7).
2. Sound which makes one letter like another (5).
3. Poem on the theatre (5).
4. The poet to sleep on the heather (7).
5. Animals of which there are a number in a planet (7).
6. The graduate can include a philosopher or statesman (9).
7. If broken the glass may make the leg rotten (9).
8. Clothed or spoken to without advertisement (7).
14. The slip to drop a former Test cricketer (9).
15. Mishandles, starting with a literal mix-up (9).
17. Praise the trouble mounting over the vessel (7).
18. Collection for the mural expert? (7).
19. 'A perfect woman, nobly ———' (Wordsworth) (7).
20. Husbands have their purpose in propitiatory gifts turning up (7).
23. Island rising thus directed (5).
24. Records to talk about without us (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 265

S	H	E	R	P	A	■	S	W	A	P	P	I	N	G
C	■	N	■	R	■	P	■	A	■	I	■	R	■	R
H	A	N	D	I	C	A	P	S	■	O	Z	O	N	E
U	■	U	■	C	■	R	■	P	■	N	■	N	■	E
B	R	I	S	K	E	T	■	S	T	E	P	S	O	N
E	■	L	■	I	■	■	E	■	I	■	S	■	■	■
R	O	G	U	E	■	C	O	L	O	R	A	D	O	■
T	■	R	■	■	L	A	■	■	■	E	■	A	■	■
■	M	I	S	S	P	E	N	T	■	M	A	S	O	N
I	■	L	U	■	■	■	H	■	A	■	■	■	A	■
S	O	L	O	M	O	N	■	E	A	R	N	E	S	T
R	■	R	A	■	I	■	R	■	E	■	R	■	H	■
A	B	O	U	T	■	G	R	E	E	N	G	A	G	E
E	■	O	■	R	H	■	D	■	G	■	S	■	M	■
L	A	M	B	A	S	T	S	■	M	O	D	E	N	A

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 265

Miss H. Taylor (Oldham), Miss M. L. Townsend (London SW19), J. E. Lapington (Gloucester).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

OPPORTUNITY TO HELP INDUSTRY

Executives, aged 30-45, are invited to apply to a leading Company of Management Consultants, to do a really interesting and worthwhile job in industry and commerce. Applicants must have the ability to get on with people at all levels coupled with an analytical approach to management problems. Letters of application, outlining education, qualifications and experience, should be addressed to Box 503, R. Anderson and Co., 14 William IV Street, London, W.C.2.

VICTORIA University College, Wellington, New Zealand. The Council of Victoria University College proposes shortly to appoint a Senior Lecturer in Accountancy and invites applications from suitably qualified persons for this post. Applicants should have had practical experience of accounting and some knowledge of public accounting would be an advantage. University training and teaching experience is desirable, but not essential. The salary will be £1,615 per annum. An allowance is made towards travel and removal expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for receipt of applications, in New Zealand and London, is Oct. 15, 1957.

AUSTRALIAN National University. Research School of Social Sciences. Applications are invited from persons qualified to conduct and supervise research in either Australian History or the History of the British Commonwealth for an appointment as Fellow in the Department of History. The salary and range of a Fellow is determined within the limits £A1,600-2,250, and the appointment will be made for an initial period of five years; thereafter it may be made permanent. Superannuation on the F.S.S.U. pattern will be provided and reasonable removal expenses will be paid. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is September 23, 1957.

AUSTRALIA. University of Sydney. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in Archaeology (Near Eastern), or of Lecturer in Classical Archaeology. Applicants for the position of Lecturer in Archaeology (Near Eastern) are required to have had at least one year's experience on an archaeological field expedition and knowledge of archaeological technology (mending, photography, etc.). Applicants for the position of Lecturer in Classical Archaeology are required to have a classical degree with further qualifications in Archaeology. Salary for either position will be in the range £A1,200—80—£A1,750 per annum, plus cost of living adjustment (£A70 men, £A53 women), and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Finance available for home purchase to married male members of staff. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is September 28, 1957.

AUSTRALIA. University of New England. Applications are invited for a Lectureship in French. Knowledge of philology is an advantage. Commencing salary will be fixed according to qualifications and experience within the range £A1,200×£A80—£A1,750 plus a cost of living allowance of £A65 (males) and £A53 (females). Provision is made for superannuation, for travel and removal expenses, and for assistance in buying or building a house. Further information and the conditions may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Applications will close in Australia and London on September 20, 1957.

CANTERBURY University College, Christchurch, New Zealand. Applications are invited for the position of Senior Lecturer in Political Science. The salary attached to the position will be at the rate of £1,315 per annum, rising by annual increments to £1,615 per annum. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. The appointment will date from February 1, 1958, or as soon thereafter as the appointee can commence duty. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in New Zealand and London, is September 30, 1957.

BRITISH Committee of World University Service has immediate vacancy for young man to serve as Associate Secretary. Duties mainly visiting universities and colleges to address meetings. Salary in range £450-£550 p.a. Details from W.U.S., 59 Gloucester Place, London, W.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR of a London service advertising agency needs an Assistant. Qualifications for the post should include a wide executive experience of all forms of advertising in both home and overseas markets rather than concentration on a few large accounts. A good personality and the ability to present a case are essentials. Box 5010.

B.B.C. requires Producer, Light Music Programmes (Sound). Duties consist of building and making detailed arrangements for light Music Programmes for various types of ensemble, also supervision in the studio of rehearsals and transmissions. Musical training and professional experience and thorough knowledge of the light music repertoire essential. Salary £1,060 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional), rising by five annual increments to £1,365 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.273, N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

B.B.C. requires Assistant in Central Establishment Office which is concerned with all aspects of the use of manpower. This involves investigation of organisation, procedures, methods of working, staffing and post grading throughout the Corporation. Duties include visits to all types of department, personal interviews with staff to obtain details of their work, assessment of evidence, preparation of reports and drafting of recommendations. Sound educational background, preferably up to University degree standard, wide general interests and objective, analytical and creative outlook are required. Preference to candidates between 25 and 35 years. Salary £1,060 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,365 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.353, N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days.

B.B.C. requires Trainee in the work of Central Establishment Office. This covers all aspects of use of manpower; involves investigation of organisation, procedures, methods of working, staff and post grading throughout Corporation, entailing visits to all types of department, personal interviews with staff to obtain details of their work, assessment of evidence, preparation of reports and drafting of recommendations. Sound educational background in the Arts and Sciences, preferably to University degree standard, wide general interests and objective, analytical and creative outlook required. Preference to candidates between 23 and 28 years. Selected Trainee will be appointed to Staff Training Reserve for training period normally 18 to 24 months. Salary under training £790 first year, £835 second year (subject to satisfactory reports). Good prospects of promotion in competition to post in Central Establishment Office in the grade £1,060 to £1,365 p.a. Requests for applic. forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting ref. G.354 N. Stm.) to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

ASSISTANT for Industrial Relations. The Gas Council invite applications for the appointment of an Administrative Assistant in the Industrial Relations Department who would be mainly responsible for the collection and analysis of statistics and information concerning terms and conditions of employment both within and without the Gas Industry. Candidates should preferably have had experience in the industrial relations field. Commencing salary will be in the range £1,075 to £1,195. The post is pensionable and the successful candidate will be required to pass a medical examination. Applications, giving full particulars of age, qualifications and experience, and the date on which the candidate could take up the appointment, should be sent not later than September 15, 1957, to the Secretary, The Gas Council, 1 Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1.

LIBRARIAN wanted, man or woman, 3 evenings a week (5.30-9.30), preferably qualified, but would consider other candidates if well-read, tactful, energetic and resourceful. Good academic holidays. Remuneration approx. £169 p.a. Applications by Sept. 17 to Secretary, Morley College, 61 Westminster Bridge Road, S.E.1.

WELL-known voluntary Society seeks Worker (female) with case-work experience to undertake Home visits & interviews at London Office. Write Box 1124, c/o Charles Barker & Sons, Ltd., Gateway House, London, E.C.4.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SENIOR Scientific Officers: Scientific Officers. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for pensionable appointments covering a wide range of scientific research and development in most of the major fields of fundamental and applied science. In Biological subjects the number of vacancies is small: individual vacancies exist in the Natural History Museum for candidates who have special knowledge of, or who are interested in, crystallography, taxonomic entomology, palæobotany, malacology, acarology. Scientific Officers are urgently required for the Forensic Science Laboratories; for scientific examination of document and handwriting cases at Cardiff: for Chemists at Preston, Harrogate and in London. There is also a vacancy for a Senior Scientific Officer (Biologist) at Harrogate. The Royal Naval Scientific Service require a Scientific Officer (male) for the National Institute of Oceanography to work on oceanic Cephalopoda. Candidates must have obtained a university degree with first or second class honours in an appropriate scientific subject (including engineering) or in Mathematics, or an equivalent qualification, or be otherwise qualified by high professional attainments. Candidates for Senior Scientific Officer posts must in addition have had at least three years' post-graduate or other approved experience. Age Limits: Senior Scientific Officers, between 26 and 31, but specially suitable candidates under 26 may be admitted; for Scientific Officers between 21 and 28 during 1957 (up to 31 for permanent members of the Experimental Officer class). Salary (London) Senior Scientific Officers: Minimum £1,190 (women £1,098). Men's scale maximum £1,410. Scientific Officers: Minimum £635. Men's scale maximum £1,110. Women's pay above £635 slightly lower but being raised to reach equality with men's in 1961. Somewhat lower rates in the provinces. 5-day week, generally. Further particulars, from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 30 Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S.53/57 for Senior Scientific Officers and S.52/57 for Scientific Officers. Interview Boards will sit at intervals, as required. Early application is advised.

METEOROLOGICAL Office, Scientific Officers. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent posts. The duties include research in atmospheric physics, covering the study of cloud structure, synoptic and dynamic meteorology, large and small scale diffusion and turbulence, climatology, and development of instruments. There is a limited number of posts for forecasting work at the more important centres. Successful candidates will be given a course in meteorology before being assigned to a research or forecasting establishment for further training and experience. In some instances candidates with national service obligations can be commissioned in the R.A.F. for forecasting duties at R.A.F. stations. Further information may be obtained from the Director, Meteorological Office (M.O. 10), Air Ministry, Kingsway, London, W.C.2. Candidates must be between 21 and 28 during 1957. They must have a First or Second Class Honours degree preferably in physics or Mathematics, or an equivalent qualification. Salaries (London rates) £635—£1,110. Women's pay above £635 slightly lower but being raised to reach equality with men's in 1961. Somewhat lower rates in provinces. Opportunities for promotion to Senior Scientific Officer (£1,190—£1,410) and higher posts. Particulars from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 30 Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S52/57 (Met.). Interview Boards will sit at intervals, as required. Early application is advised.

CITY and County of Bristol. Department of Public Health. Psychiatric Social Workers. Applications invited from qualified persons for posts of: (a) Senior Psychiatric Social Worker, salary £700×£25(3)×£30(5)—£925 p.a. and (b) 3 Psychiatric Social Workers, salary £585×£25—£810 p.a. Whitley Council scales and conditions of service. These posts, created as part of Local Health Authority's scheme for prevention and alleviation of mental ill-health, will give wide scope for initiative. Considerable part of work will be with young children and their parents. Appointments superannuable: medical examination. Applications forthwith, on forms from Medical Officer of Health, Central Health Clinic, G.P.O. Box No. 201, Tower Hill, Bristol 2.

HOSTEL Warden. The National Union of Students reqs. a Warden for its Hostel in Gordon St. Full details & application form from C. A. O., 2 Endsleigh St., W.C.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

EAST Africa High Commission. Statisticians, East African Statistical Department. Candidates should possess a good Honours degree preferably in Economics with Statistics as a main subject, although the latter is not essential provided that Statistics has been included in the degree course and the candidate has a good knowledge of statistical methods and the handling of statistical data. Experience desirable of work in a government or commercial statistical organisation or post graduate research in economic analyses or statistical surveys. Age limit: under 40. Appointment may be pensionable or on contract terms, inclusive salary scale £912—£1,818, point of entry determined by experience. Gratuity of 13½% of salary if appointment is on contract. Income tax at local rates. Free passages on first appointment and on leave for officer and family. Liberal home leave on full salary. Government quarters, when available, at moderate rental. Application forms and further particulars from Director of Recuitment, Colonial Office, Sanctuary Buildings, Great Smith Street, London, S.W.1; reference BCD 59/88/02.

ZOOLOGICAL Society of London. Education Officer. The Zoological Society invites applications for a post in the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, N.W.1. Duties will include the development of an Education Department responsible for giving lectures and lecture demonstrations to Secondary School children, and also the preparation of educational material. Candidates should have a university degree or other equivalent qualification in Zoology. Experience in teaching is essential. Salary by mutual agreement, minimum £850. Appointment in first instance would be for one year. Applications will also be considered from candidates who can undertake regular part-time work in the Department. Applications should be sent to The Secretary, Zoological Society of London, Regent's Park, London, N.W.1 (marked "Education") not later than Sept. 20, 1957.

CENTRAL Office of Information has a vacancy for an Information Officer (unestablished) to act as administrative assistant to and deputy for the Head of Section. Duties are to supervise staff translators, select and commission fee-paid translators, estimate wordage and costs and check work; translate from French and/or German, and one or more other languages; supervise the maintenance of records and pass accounts for payment. Qualifications required are first-class knowledge of French and/or German, and one or more other languages, and experience in high-speed translation. Salary £1,110—£1,285 (men); £1,017—£1,184 (women). Write, giving date of birth, education, full details of quals. and exp. and posts held (quoting reference P.E.2625) to—The Manager, Ministry of Labour and National Service, 1-6 Tavistock Square, W.C.1. No original testimonials should be sent. Only candidates selected for interview will be advised.

CENTRAL Office of Information. The Social Survey Division require an Assistant Information Officer (unestablished) in the Coding Section where material collected for the work of the whole range of Social Survey reports is classified. The duties include preparing the systems of classification and supervising the coding staff. Experience of work in any of the social sciences or social work would be an advantage and applicants must either have a knowledge of statistical methods up to intermediate degree standard or be capable of acquiring it. Salary according to age, quals. and exp. rising to £1,050 (men); £956 (women). Write, giving date of birth, education, full details of quals. and exp. and posts held (quoting reference P.E.2260) to The Manager, Ministry of Labour and National Service, 1-6, Tavistock Square, W.C.1. No original testimonials should be sent. Only candidates selected for interview will be advised.

NORTH Western Gas Board. Central Lancashire Group. Statistician. Applications are invited for the above pensionable position. The commencing salary will depend upon qualifications and experience and will be within the range of Grades A.P.T. 6/9 (£640/£895 p.a.). Applicants must be graduates in Mathematical Statistics or Economics with Statistics or hold an equivalent professional qualification. The work involves the use of sampling techniques, regression analysis and quality control, mainly in connection with production problems. Detailed applications, giving the names of two referees, should be sent to the General Manager, N.W.G.B., Central Lancashire Group, Stanley Buildings, Silver Street, Bury, by September 30.

HOSPITAL Management Committee for St. Francis and The Lady Chichester Hospitals. The Lady Chichester Hospital, New Church Road, Hove, Sussex. Psychiatric Social Worker required. The Lady Chichester Hospital is a Neurosis Centre of 70 beds for men, women and children with Out-patients' Department. Salary as laid down by the Professional and Technical Whitley Council. Candidates should hold the Mental Health Certificate of the London School of Economics or any other approved certificate. Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, together with the names of two persons to whom reference may be made, to be sent as soon as possible to Secretary, St. Francis Hospital, Haywards Heath, Sussex.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—con. on p. 293

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

MIDDLESEX County Council. Education Committee. Part-time Psychotherapist reqd. at Uxbridge Child Guidance Centre, 255-6 High St., Uxbridge, for four sessions per week. Honours degree in Psychology with recognised training &/or equivalent exper. in Child Psychotherapy reqd. Payment: £2 10s. per 3-hr. session. Prescribed conditions. Application forms from Chief Education Officer, 10 Great George Street, Westminster, S.W.1, returnable by September 28 (quote V.972, N.S.N.). Canvassing disqualifies.

CITY of Birmingham Children's Committee. Children's Visitors. Applications are invited from suitably qualified and experienced men and women for vacancies due to increased establishment. Salary in accordance with Grade A.P.T.II—£609 17s. 6d.-£691 17s. 6d., plus £20 temporary excess rate. Applicants should hold university qualification in Social Science and/or the Home Office Certificate in Child Care. Additional salary increment to holders of Home Office Certificate. Male applicants qualified to supervise senior boys may be considered for Grade A.P.T.III. Further particulars from: Children's Officer, 91 Lionel Street, Birmingham 3. Closing date: Sept. 26, '57.

NETHERNE Psychiatric Hospital, Coulsdon, Surrey. Assistant Head Occupational Therapist I (female). Salary and conditions of service in accordance with P.T.A. Whitley Council recommendations. Applications stating present and previous appointments, experience and details of qualifications, together with the names of two referees to the Physician Superintendent.

NEIGHBOURHOOD Worker required. Woman. L.C.C. estate, Bermondsey. Opportunities for general case work, co-operation with tenants' committee, experimental projects. Estate flat available suitable married couple or two friends. Salary according to qualifications. Application forms from: The Secretary, Time & Talents, 187 Bermondsey St., S.E.1.

ASSISTANT Housemothers, resident, required for interesting work in Children's Homes, with boys and girls aged 5-15 years. Training or experience desirable but not essential. Separate bedroom and good holidays. Minimum salary £29 0s. 10d. per month, less valuation of emoluments. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

YOUTH Club Leader, full-time, qualified and experienced, reqd. Autumn for a mixed club with junior section West London. Reply to Organising Secretary, Feathers Clubs Association, 29, Mulready St., London, N.W.8.

PERSONNEL Department require temporary Assistant (female) to maintain personnel records and generally assist with the work of the Women's Section. Applicants should have previous clerical experience, ability to type an advantage. The post offers frequent contact with all grades of staff and some experience of industrial administration, and would be suitable for a young woman awaiting training in personnel management or social science or interested in working with people. Applications, in writing, should state age, education and experience and be addressed to Women's Personnel Officer, British Enka Limited, Aintree, Liverpool, 9.

MARKS & Spencer, Ltd., invite applications from women between the ages of 25 and 55 for Staff Management in their larger stores. These are senior posts with progressive salaries. Candidates should preferably have had experience in managing staff. Commencing salary for the introductory period would vary according to age and experience but would not be less than £500 p.a. Please write in the first place for further particulars and application form to the Appointments Section, 82 Baker Street, London, W.1, marking the envelope "S.M."

MEDICAL Research Council: Research Assistant, preferably with a degree in Psychology or a related science, required immediately. Previous experience not essential. Starting salary for a graduate not less than £650 p.a. Applics. and enquires to Dr. A. Elithorn, Neurological Research Unit (M.R.C.), National Hospital for Nervous Diseases, Queen Square, W.C.1.

SHORTHAND-typists required by the Labour Party at Head Office and in the House of Commons. Interesting positions for capable workers. Speeds required 100 and 50 w.p.m. respectively. Knowledge of Labour Movement and experience of office work an advantage. Salary at 24: £500. Five-day week. Pension scheme. Applications to the General Secretary, Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, London, S.W.1.

SECRETARY/Shorthand-typist required by Professional Society, W.C.1. This is a very interesting post with varied duties, requiring initiative. Age preferably betwen 30 and 35. Experience of minute taking and committee work essential. Applications, giving details of experience, qualifications, age and salary required, to Box 4913.

EMBASSY reqs. competent woman secretary 27-35 for interesting post. Apply to Portman Bureau, 78 George St., W.1. HUN. 0676.

TAVISTOCK Clinic, Beaumont St., W.1. Shorthand/Typists required. A Knowledge of Psychiatric Medical Terms an advantage. Starting salary at 23 years and over within the range £374 to £468, according to age and ability, rising to £545 p.a. For interview Tel. CUN. 6071, Ext. 10.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ASSISTANT Secretary needed for Youth Department of the National Council of Social Service. Real interest in welfare of young people, administrative and organising experience, and good shorthand-typing essential; some knowledge of youth work preferable. Salary £600 p.a., pension scheme; good holidays. Apply (2 references) to Director, N.C.S.S., 26 Bedford Square, London, W.C.1, by September 15.

MARLBOROUGH Day Hospital, 38 Marlborough Place, N.W.8. Qualified Psychiatric Social Worker required for one year, for work in Adult and Children's Department. Salary on Whitley Scale. Detailed applications with names two referees to Medical Director immediately

UNIVERSITY of London Institute of Education. Applications are invited from graduates for temporary appointment as Clerk and Computer for sociological investigations in the field of education. Graduates in Statistics or non-graduates with appropriate experience should write giving particulars of qualifications and salary required to the Secretary, University of London Institute of Education, Malet Street, W.C.1.

PERSONAL Secretary. Experience in minute taking and interest in staff association work desirable. Hours 9.30 to 5.15, no Saturdays. Four weeks' leave. Salary scale £580-£725 per annum plus pension. Commencing salary according to age and experience. Applicants should state age, qualifications and experience in writing to The Society of Civil Servants, Palace Chambers, Bridge Street, S.W.1.

PRINCIPAL of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art will require Personal Secretary from first week October. Good education, efficiency, shorthand-typing and filing, ability to accept responsibility, sound experience of professional theatre essential. Five-day week, holidays with pay, lunch gratis in staff canteen, £624 p.a. Applications, stating age and qualifics., to Box 4848 by Sept. 24.

SMALL Technical Film Unit requires competent experienced personal secretary for director. Increasing responsibility for suitable applicant. Starting salary £500 p.a. Box 4978.

BACK from your holidays and feeling like a change? If you type and do shorthand write now to Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1. £7 to start but many compensations. Half-timers considered.

£500 p.a. Lady. No glamour. No Sats. Quick typist a.m. Reception & post p.m. 9-5.30. Ambrose Appelbe, 7 New Square, Lincoln's Inn.

FULL-TIME and part-time Shorthand-Typists required by the Liberal Jewish Synagogue, St. John's Wood Road. Apply Secretary, CUNningham 5181.

EXPERIENCED and efficient school secretary reqd. Sept. Vacancy owing to illness. Recogn. School, N.W. Lond. Box 4847.

A TEMPORARY job that is right up your street may be yours for the asking. Wigmore Secretarial Agency, 67 Wigmore St., W.1. HUNter 9951.

HOLIDAY relief work for shorthand and copy typists, few days a week or longer. Details, Cranbourn Agency, 42 Cranbourn St., Leicester Sq. GER. 3249.

TEMPORARY & Permanent Secretarial jobs. Languages? Ring MAY. 6336. Savoy Agency, 487 Oxford St., W.1.

HOLIDAY Relief Work available now in London for Shorthand Typists £8 10s. Copy Typists £7 10s. 30 hour week, no Sats. Longer hours—more pay. Duttons Secretarial Serv., 92 Gt. Russell St. W.C.1. MUS 7379.

WANTED: person to be in charge of holiday and weekend home in Chilterns connected with London Day School. Candidates attracted by this educational project invited to apply, weekend or full-time post. Box 4567.

MATRON for boy & girl boarders wanted September, experienced, capable and kind. Interesting educational work. Good salary. Box 4568.

YOUNG ex-teacher of English requires Continental girl to help with cooking and light duties. No children in household. Generous free time and wages. Own bed-sitting room. In charming village only 30 mins. from Central London. Box 4823.

COOK/General (child accepted) required by Leicestershire family with 3 adults, 2 staff already employed. Own bedroom with H. & C. and C.H. Sitting-room with TV. Many other similar jobs now at Burnett Bureau, 77 Dean St., W.1.

COMPANION-Help for woman of 62, daily or live in; good salary, musical. Near Golders Green Tube. Box 4960.

HAVE you tried the West End Coffee Bar Employment Bureau, 4 Macclesfield St., Shaftesbury Ave., W.1. GER. 2848 (3 lines).

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

FILM production sec./continuity girl seeks part-time work Central London. Expd. publicity, secretarial, etc. Box 4986.

CARETAKER, sngl. woman, wants position in furn. flatlet-house. Refs. Box 4949.

ALMONER (27), desires interesting post (London) at New Year. Offers? Box 4906.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

WOMAN Journalist, exper. literary coaching, good speaker, interviewer, understands psychology, reqs. whole/part-time work. Suggs. for employment, association or partnership (minute capital) considered. Box 4940.

SECRETARY, lady (32), linguist, exp. interpreter translator, French-German & other langs., typist, Stenotypist, sks. suitable position. Willing travel. Exper. internat. conferences. Sal. £750 p.a. Box 4975.

VERBATIM Shorthand Writers. Duplicating, Typing, Translating. Mabel Eyles Duplicating & Secretarial Agency, 395 Hornsey Rd., London, N.19. ARC. 1765/MOU. 1701.

HIGHLY qualified secretary, first-rate exper. and refs., French, Spanish if required, seeks interesting post (poss. part-time) pref. connected with Fine Art. Box 4951.

WOULD any travel agency, art-concern or interesting firm consider giving part-time employment, pref. 2-5 p.m., to married woman graduate (geography), 29, attractive, widely travelled, fluent German, some typing, driver. London area. Box 4784.

INTELLIGENT yg. woman, secr. exp., Certif. Comm. Admin., International Accountancy interm., shorth.-typing Engl. and German. Hard worker, willing take responsibility, interested in people, sociology, art, seeks well-paid interestg. work. Box 4937.

ARTIST (M) N.D.D. R.A.Sch. sks. p/time post London. Painting, sculpture, pottery, teaching? Offers/suggs. wel. Box 4896.

SITUATIONS required looking after children, etc., for two well-educated Spanish girls, "en famille" from Oct. Box 4968.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

BOARDING accommodation with social amenities for ladies & gentlemen under 35, from 52s. 6d. to 85s. partial board. Applic. forms & information: Belsize Residential Clubs, 13 Belsize Ave., N.W.3.

YOUTH House International Community invites applications for residence from persons between 18 and 35. Write to Secretary, 250 Camden Road, London, N.W.1.

PROFESSIONAL person offered large, well-furnished room, veranda, k'nette, h.w., garden. 3½gns. RICHmond 0396.

2 Girl students reqd. to share s/c. new furn. 4-roomed flat. Tel., cen. htg., cons. h.w. Baker Street area. FINchley 4629.

LADY wishes share her narrowboat with another, London. Reas. rent. Box 4904.

SEMI-self-contained flatlet close Willesden Green tube. Own kitchen (with Ascot) and 'phone. 47s. 6d. p.w. Box 4900.

WEST Hampstead. G./f. furn. flat, 2 vast rooms, own b/rm., tel., share kit., d/boiler, c.h., garden. Suit prof. couple or 2 single. 8 gns. Box 4895.

TWO Ladies require a third (aged 25-30) to share attractive Chelsea flat. FLAxman 2741 after 7 p.m.

KENSINGTON grnd. floor flat. Lge. quiet room & bkfst. Mon.-Fri./whole wk. Gent. pref. 3½-4gns. FRE. 8636, 12-1 p.m.

WONDERFUL home for business lady. Share flat with widow. Own bedroom, use of lounge, kitchen, bathroom. Near Willesden Green Station. Terms to be mutually agreed. GLAdstone 5947 A.M.

BED-sitting room to let near Heath, buses & tube. SPEedwell 2509.

EXCEPTIONALLY pleasant large bed-sit. room W.2 for prof. woman in artist's newly dec. flat. Built-in k'ette., fridge. C.h.w., linen, light, cleaning. Use Square gdns., 'phone. 4gns. Box 4980.

2 GIRLS, grads. in mid-twenties, sk. 3rd to share pleasant Sth. Ken. flat. Own room. £2 17s. 6d. p.w. Box 5006.

PROF./bus. women: div.-rms., kit., Hornsey, easy acc. City/W. End. MOU. 5438.

B/S. room, student or bus. man only. Call 49 Petersham Rd., Richmond.

HENDON. Large single newly furn. & redec. B/s. C.h.w., basin, central heating. Gentleman only. SUN. 0370.

HIGHGATE Woods. Sunny 2-roomed flat, exceptionally fine view; own lavatory. Lady. TUDor 8160.

BACH. flat (lady), 2 rms., fur., £3 15s. Nr. Finchley Road Stn. MAI. 4306.

SELF-cont. furn. maisonette, South Kensington. 4 rooms and b/room. 6gns. p.w. Refs. Box 4988.

ONE large and/or one small room, v. pleasant house, Dulwich, S.E.21. Child welcome. £2/£1 respectively. Box 5033.

BED-sittingroom or bedroom and sitting-room with cooking facilities offered business or professional woman in quiet house near West Finchley tube station. Box 5018.

LARGE furnished room (lady), West End. All amenities. Box 5024.

COMFORTABLE bed/sit.-rm., bkfst., h. & c. Central sit., businessman. HAM. 5063.

SUNNY very comf. divan-bed-sitter; breakfast, meals optl. Moderate terms. Modern quiet house, 25 min. W/End. GLA. 7297.

YOUNG woman will share her cottage on a roof with another who requires a home rather than accommodation. W.2. Box 5039.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—continued

LARGE Divan sitting-room offered in spacious riverside flat, Richmond, to woman journalist prepared to share domestic duties with woman of mature habits and taste for friendly detachment. Extra bedroom by arrangement. Box 4921.

CONGENIAL atmosphere. Music/literary ints. Sgle. room. 47s. 6d. HAM. 8109.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

WANTED by widow (quiet, careful tenant): Small unfurnished flat, to buy or rent, or 2-3 unfurnished rooms with cooking facilities. Near Finchley Church End, Temple Fortune or Chalk Farm. Box 4854.

GENTLEMAN reqs. habitable studio/convertible space, pref. unf. Refs. Box 4899.

BACHELOR (38) reqs. accommodation; London. P.G./share. Professional/Arts. Mod. terms. Beginning Oct. Box 4967.

DESIGNER (F.) sks. unfurn. studio/flatlet, Highgate/Hamp. Furnell, MOU. 8716.

YNG. Couple (Grad. & nurse) child expected Dec., req. inexpensive furn. flat, Lond. Willing baby-sit occas. Box 4994.

ACCOM. with cooking fac. wanted by business girl. Warm. Pref. N. London. HAM. 5831 (after 7 p.m.).

FURN. or empty flat desired for two people. Flute playing not objected to! London area. Box 5003.

BACHELOR (30) reqs. furn. rms. or share of flat, Central London. Box 4841.

PROPERTIES TO LET

TO let for 9 months: furn. cottage in lovely position 3 miles from Swanage. Water, electric light & power, but no main drainage. 30s. weekly. Box 5022.

CORNWALL. Furn. flat, m. cons. Mag. view Fowey harbour. Sept. 30 on. Box 4982.

SUFFOLK Cott., opp. sea, mod. con. Suit 5-6. Sept. 16 on, 6½ gns. Box 4891.

FURN. Cottage, 3 rms. Elec. & mains. Lge. garden. Wye valley. Perm. let £32 p.a. S.a.e. Gibson, 52 Elsworthy Rd., N.W.3.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

UNSPOILT cott. for sale. Seclud. village outskirts, nr. Shaftesbury. Fully mod. 3 bds. Stone/thatch. ¼ acre. £1,850. Box 4863.

N. DEVON. Fully equipped Youth Hostel, also caravan private letting. Property equally suitable Guest House, private school, etc. 4½ acres. Freehold £5,600. Box 4993.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"THE Hungarian Uprising" is the official British abridgement of the United Nations report on the problem of Hungary, which will be debated at the U.N. Plenary Session on September 10. Now available, by post 2s. 2d. from H.M.S.O., P.O. Box 569, London, S.E.1.

STENDHAL'S "de l'Amour" available again (Oct.) after twenty years out of print. Merlin Press, Ltd., 112 Whitfield Street, W.1. 21s.

"IT is doubtful whether homosexuality . . . has inspired a more satisfactory novel than Martyn Goff's 'The Plaster Fabric'" (Spectator). Post free 16s. from Box 4852.

LABOUR'S controversial policy documents on industry analysed by R. Palme Dutt and Margot Heinemann. Also "Light on Krupp's," by D. N. Pritt, Q.C., in September Labour Monthly. 1s. 6d. all agents; 9s. half yearly from N.S., 134 Ballard's Lane, N.3.

CONTENTS of September "Plebs." "Nationalisation—A Socialist Fetish," by Arthur Woodburn, M.P.; "Labour and Automation," by C. Ford; "Wages Policy Abroad II," by G. J. V. Horsman; "Partners in Industry?" by Dr. W. McLaine; "What's Wrong with Trade Union Education?" by J. P. M. Millar; "Plums from the Press," "N.C.L.C. Broadcast in Switzerland," "The Wicked World," by J. P. M. Millar; "The Home Summer Schools," "N.C.L.C. News," "Plebs Forum," etc. "Plebs" is 6d., by post 8d., or 7s. 6d. a year, from the N.C.L.C., Tillicoultry, Scotland.

"THE Humanist" is the journal of Scientific Humanism (monthly 1s., p.a. 14s.). Spec. copy, "Living with Reality," and Bertrand Russell's "Faith of a Rationalist," free. R.P.A., 40 Drury Lane, W.C.2.

PALL Mall Paperbacks. "Is the Liberal West in Decline?" by Hans Kohn. 3s. 6d. (Cloth 7s. 6d.). ". . . small but challenging book . . ." Times Lit. Supp. From your bookseller. Pall Mall Press Ltd., 123 Pall Mall, S.W.1.

UNITARIANISM. What is it? Write Mrs. Dickin, 17a Hermitage St., Crewkerne, Somerset.

MAN'S World now contains a 32-page Male Art Photography Supplement. 1s. 6d. monthly from all newsagents.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms. Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht. R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W. 14. FUL. 7924.

SECOND-Hand Books, Records, posted. Lists. Silverdale, 1146 Argyle St. Glasgow.

WE buy books. Has anyone Borkenau's Comm. Internat'l/Spanish Cockpit? The Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. Riv. 6807.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. from p. 300

ST. Peter's Loft, St. Ives, Cornwall. Fine Art training studio, Workshop & Pottery. Peter Lanyon-William Redgrave. Drawing, Painting, Portraiture, Still-Life, Abstraction, Landscape, Preparation of materials. Lectures, Pottery. Accom. arranged.

64 "Leisure-Time" Courses in—A Home of Your Own, The Bible in a Scientific Age, Philosophy, International Affairs, Parliament Weekly, England's Counties, Natural History, Languages, Poetry of Stone, Theatre, Art, Music, Drama, Italic Handwriting, Crafts, Cookery (Men), Fencing, Photography, Travel—Europe, Australia, Medau Rhythmic Movement, Woodwork (Men and Women). Canteen, Common Room, and Library at the Marv Ward Settlement, 5-7, Tavistock Place, W.C.1 (EUSton 1816). Courses commence Mon., Sept. 23—Enrolment from Mon., Sept. 16. Syllabus on applin. to Registrar.

SOCIAL Science Tutorial College. Correspondence & other courses for social work & sociology students. 11 Old Bond St., W.1.

THE International Language. Courses in Esperanto soon starting in L.C.C. Institutes. Free specimen lesson and films at London Esperanto Club, Fred Tallant Hall, 153, Drummond St., Euston, N.W.1., today (Fri.), at 7 p.m., or send s.a.e. for details.

MODERN Tutorial College. Dept. of Commerce: one-year and two-year courses in preparation for M.T.C. Diploma in Commerce and Advanced Examinations of Royal Society of Arts and London Chamber of Commerce. Also English for Foreigners. For particulars and reservation of places, apply Secretary, M.T.C., 195, Wardour St., W.1. GER. 3620.

DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, Richard Hall, provides a full-time general musical education for performers & teachers, with individual tuition in voice & instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music, ensemble playing & choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford Street, W.1. GERrard 8531-2. All foreign languages taught in day & evening classes or private lessons; beginners & all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

ST. JAMES School of Secretaries & Languages, 283 Oxford St., W.1. HYDe Park 6524. Intensive 3-6-9 month Secretarial Training. Earn While You Learn scheme. Also English for Foreign Students and Conversation Courses in French, German, Italian & Spanish. Effective Speaking Course. Tutorial Courses for all Examinations. Personal attention—remarkable results.

FRENCH. Full-time day Courses for G.C.E. London and Oxford starting in September. Evening Conversation Courses for beginners and Discussion Groups for advanced students. The Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Road, W.C.2. TRAfalgar 2044.

ENGLISH & Foreign Languages, Shorthand & Commercial English. Regent School of Languages, 160 New Bond Street, W.1.

SECRETARIAL Training, especially for university graduates and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secretary, Davies's, 2 Addison Road, W.14. PARk 8392.

ADMINISTRATIVE and secretarial training for good posts at St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Rd., N.W.3. HAM. 9831. New Course October 1, 1957.

TUITION by post for Lond. Univ. Degrees & Diplomas; also for G.C.E., Law, Professional exams. Mod. fees, instalments. Prosp. from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

ELOCUTION, Public Speaking. W. End Studio. G. Stocke:. A.L.A.M. HAM. 3805

ITALIAN, French. Practical, individ. tuition/convsn. Prof. Rietti. GLA. 2692.

ITALIAN, Germ., French. Willing visit schools, coach backw. students, prep. for exams, up to Univ. entr. Convers. lessons. Chanda, 4c Holford Rd. N.W.3. HAM 7322.

OXFORD, Marlborough Secretarial College, 110a High St., Tel. Oxford 4349. Comprehensive training for high-grade Secretarial appointments for students of good general education. Foreign languages. Small classes, individual attention. New Group begins September 10 (next group October 14). Prospectus on application.

PERSONAL

BALLIOL. First philosopher (22) writing thesis wants p.-time job Lond. Intell., energetic. French, Span. Fr. Sept. Box 4762.

1937 Vauxhall 14 h.p., sun roof. In daily use, £85. PRI. 9926 or Box 4884.

ANOTHER young couple wanted to go 50/50 buying house Hampstead. Approx capital £500. Box 4917.

ITALIAN girl, kind, competent, intell., wishes live London family 1 yr. from Oct., return help with children. Box 4661.

AUSTRIAN Widow, 35, wishes to live as p.g., 3 months with family nr. London view improving already consid. knowledge English; nearby facs. horse riding reqd. Box 4659.

PERSONAL—continued

MAN (36), intell., conscientious, capable, trustworthy, urg. needs eve. work keep body, soul, wife, 3 kids together. Box 5019.

WOULD anyone travelling to Italy/Sth. France in Sept. take slightly handicapped lady against contrib. to expenses? Box 4984.

BACHELOR, 37, touring Wye Valley & Wales, commencing Sept. 21, offers spare seat to another. Share exps. Box 4977.

PRINCIPAL of flourishing Commercial College, South Rhodesia, wishing retire, would sell business or welcome partner. Income enough to support married couple. Goodwill £2,000. Assets approx. £3,000. Balance sheet available. Box 4705.

INTELLIGENT woman writer with flair for "finding out" undertakes literary & commercial research at reas. cost. Box 5038.

SCHOOLMASTER desperately needs home for family. Only hope to buy house. Will humanitarian advance £400? Repayment at 10 per cent over 5 years. Welcome interview. M. O. Guy, 56 Brookville Road, Fulham, S.W.6.

EM.G. Hi-Fi gram. 3 speed Garrard turntable, amplifier with filter. Speaker mounted on baffle with tweeter. Cost £70. New. Going abroad, what offers? SHE. 2720.

OCCASIONAL sole use of restful spare room, with various facilities, in cultured milieu near Central London offered in exchange for light help. Box 4758.

LONDON Choral Society (Conductor: John Tobin). There are a number of vacancies for sopranos and a few for other voices. Rehearsals Monday evenings, commencing Sept. 16. Works in rehearsal include: Bach, St. Matthew Passion; Handel, Messiah; Beethoven, Choral Symphony; Bliss, Pastoral; Rawsthorne, Canticle of Man; Britten, A Boy was Born; Jacobson, The Hound of Heaven. Applications to Hon. Secretary, 31 Northwick Park Road, Harrow, Mddx.

MR. M. DAVIDSON, F.S.M.C., Ophthalmic Optician, attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Garden, Holborn, E.C.1. (Tel. HOL. 8193.)

SKI-ING. Book with the Agent on the spot. Ruck Keene, Sonnberg, Kitzbühel.

COFFEE Bar Kensington reqs. deb.-type assistants part-/full-time. Box 4952.

COMMON-SENSE of non-violence: course 40 at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon; also French course.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and Reservists.

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